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"THE  
BROKEN  
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# Daily Mirror

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No. 684.

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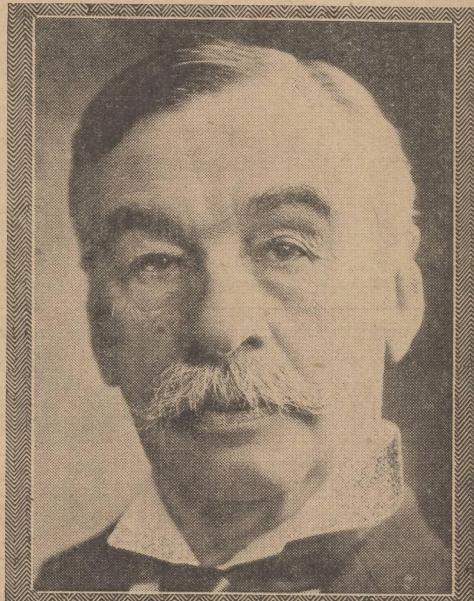
One Halfpenny.

## MR. JOHN BURNS AT DERBY.



Flashlight snapshot taken by a *Daily Mirror* staff photographer of Mr. John Burns and Mrs. Burns leaving the drill hall at Derby after addressing a great Liberal meeting. He is about to enter the brougham. The clearness of the picture is remarkable, and quite as bright as a daylight exposure. Mr. Burns is indicated by an X.

## LORD RITCHIE DEAD.



Baron Ritchie, who died yesterday at Biarritz, did not live long to enjoy the peerage recently granted him. He was at one time Chancellor of the Exchequer, but left the Government when Mr. Balfour abandoned free trade.—(London Stereoscopic Company.)

## ELECTIONEERING IN LONDON WITH A BURLESQUE CHINAMAN.



Mr. Ward, the Radical candidate for Hoxton, is making the question of the employment of Chinese in the Transvaal the burning issue of the day in his appeal to the electors. He is here photographed warning off the Chinaman from Hox-

ton. He is accompanied on his canvass of the constituency by a theatrical supernumerary made up to represent a Chinaman, with painted face, a wig pigtail, and appropriate costume.

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# DAILY MAIL

## PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Complete List of Polls for  
Saturday, Monday, and  
Tuesday.

## A STRANGE SITUATION

Ipswich Election Fixed for a Date  
Which May Render It Invalid.

We give to-day a complete list of the polls, so far as they had been definitely fixed last night, for the first three days of the elections.

The arrangements are as follow:—

SATURDAY.	
Ashton-under-Lyne.	Kidderminster.
Boscombe.	Birmingham (2).
Bury.	Manchester (9).
Burnley.	Morpeth.
Cambridge University.	Northampton (2).
50 Days (2).	Preston.
Darlington.	Rochdale.
Derby (2).	Reigate.
Dover.	Ripon (3).
Grimsby.	Stafford.
Halifax (2).	York (2).
MONDAY.	
Aberdeen (2).	Hereford City.
Bath (2).	Islington (4).
Bradford (3).	London City.
Brixton.	London University (5).
Burnley.	London (5).
Bolton (2).	Marylebone (2).
Bristol (4).	Newcastle (2).
Bury St. Edmunds.	Oldham (2).
Cambridge.	Preston (2).
Chatham.	Plymouth (2).
Chester.	St. Albans.
Croydon.	Peterborough.
Carmarthen Boroughs.	St. George's (Hanover).
Dartford.	St. Pancras (4).
Davenport (2).	Sheffield (2).
Dover.	Shoreditch (2).
Durham.	West Ham (2).
Flint Boroughs.	Wolverhampton (3).
Greenwich.	
Hastings.	
Hatfield.	
TUESDAY.	
Battersea.	Hanley.
Bath Green (2).	Lambeth (4).
Brighton (2).	Liverpool (9).
Blackburn (2).	Lewicham.
Bolton.	London Under-Lyne.
Barrow-in-Furness.	Oxford City.
Clapham.	Strand (2).
Chelmsford.	St. Helens.
City of London (2).	Southwark (3).
Coventry.	Shrewsbury.
Darwen.	Stockton.
Durham City.	Warrington.
Edinburgh (4).	Windsor.
Finsbury (3).	Watford.
Fulham.	Wolverhampton.
Guildford.	West Bromwich.
Groves.	Westminster.
Glamorgan (Rhondda).	
Hythe.	
Hamersmith.	

The figures in parentheses indicate the number of members.

It will be seen that some thirty contests are taking place on Saturday.

The greatest interest will centre in the Manchester elections, the most exciting fights being those in which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Churchill are the principals.

There will be a batch of contests in the metropolis on Monday and Tuesday, the most interesting fight being on the latter day at North Lambeth, where Mr. Fred Horner is engaged in a four-cornered battle.

The fate of Mr. Burns, the President of the Local Government Board, is to be determined at Battersea on Tuesday.

The fight in the Birmingham Divisions is fixed for Wednesday, and in Glasgow on Thursday.

## SINGULAR SITUATION AT IPSWICH.

A curious situation has been created by the decision to hold the poll at Ipswich on Friday.

Inquiries at the Crown Office, House of Lords, elicited that the Ipswich poll cannot be taken on Friday.

The writ, it was stated, was posted from the Crown Office at five o'clock on Monday evening, and even had it reached its destination the same night, instead of on the morning of the 9th, it could not have availed for the completion of the necessary formalities, because the time-limit of 4 p.m. would have expired.

Notwithstanding the alleged opinion of the Crown Office, the returning officer at Ipswich adheres to the arrangement that the polling shall take place on Friday next. The writ was received on Monday night at a quarter to eleven, and the notice of election was posted immediately afterwards.

## NEW RESIGNATION PEER.

Last night's "London Gazette" states that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, upon whom the King has conferred the dignity of a viscount, will take the title of Viscount St. Aldwyn, of Coln St. Aldwyn, in the county of Gloucester.

It is also notified that Sir Robert Reid will take the title of Baron Loreburn of Dumfries.

## PREMIER HECKLED.

Seven Women Ejected from His Liverpool Meeting.

## DEMAND FOR SUFFRAGE.

There were some lively scenes at Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's meeting at Liverpool last night owing to the interruptions of a number of women who demanded to know whether the Premier was in favour of Women's Suffrage. The interrupters were promptly dealt with, and seven women in all were ejected.

In addressing the huge gathering, which was held under the auspices of the Financial Reform Association, Sir Henry said their opponents were making a desperate attempt to conduct the struggle on a grand organised system of false alarms and to turn a real fight into a sham one.

At this point a woman in the gallery repeatedly interrupted with shrill cries of "Are you going to deal with Women's Suffrage, to-night?" While the woman was being unmercifully ejected, Sir Henry remarked that he was in favour of Women's Suffrage. The issue at this election, he declared, was not Irish, Scotch, or Welsh, questions, but the question of free trade.

### WOMEN WAVE A BANNER.

Three women in the gallery again caused repeated and prolonged interruptions, with shouting and waving a banner demanding female suffrage. Each of the interruptors were ejected in turn.

Sir Henry said he regretted the tendency to disturb public meetings, though he did not admit that the disturbances at Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Chamberlain's meetings were the work of Liberals. Again two more women interrupted, demanding that Sir Henry should pledge his party to give women votes, and were, in their turn, ejected.

Turning to the question of Chinese labour, he said they regretted they could not stop the importation of coolies for whom licences had been issued before they took office. At the end of October Mr. Lyttelton telegraphed advising the mine owners to stop the importation of coolies, yet 13,000 fresh licences were suddenly issued early in November. This remarkable incident would require elucidation.

### HOW LORD ELGIN GAVE WAY.

How Lord Elgin gave way in the matter of allowing the shipment of 14,700 Chinese, for whose importation licences had been granted, is shown in a White-paper issued last night.

On the day before the Prime Minister made his announcement at the Albert Hall on the Government's policy in regard to Chinese labour, Lord Elgin telegraphed to Lord Selborne that "every available step" should be taken to prevent the shipment of the Chinese.

Lord Selborne's reply, however, was unanswerable. He quoted the opinion of the Attorney-General of the Transvaal that "there is no regulation in force, nor could any such be now framed, to give the Lieutenant-Governor power to revoke a licence at will."

Lord Elgin preserved silence for a few days. On Friday 5th, however, he announced that the importation would be allowed—that the licences granted since the end of October must stand.

## MR. BURNS AT FOUR MEETINGS.

The President of the Local Government Board, the Right Hon. John Burns, last night addressed four meetings in London. At eight o'clock in the evening he was speaking at a crowded meeting in St. Pancras baths; leaving there he proceeded to Holloway by motor, and, after addressing another meeting there, crossed London to the south side of the river and spoke at meetings at Nine Elms and Clapham.

At St. Pancras he said London pre-eminently demanded free imports, free trade, and the open door—in a word its fiscal policy must be based on the theory of "Let 'em all come!"

### MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER'S DEFENCE.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, at Croydon last night, embarked upon a spirited defence of his policy at the War Office.

He found such a system existing that if it had continued would have resulted in the whole of the infantry and the garrison artillery dying out of existence in two years.

Consequently, he altered the terms of enlistment. That, he was told, would be the fatal step. Who was right, however? The result showed that he was right. Already they had enlisted 30,000 long-service men for the Army, the equivalent of thirty-five battalions of infantry, and the garrison artillery were now 3,000 over strength.

### CANDIDATE'S WIFE HIS DEPUTY.

Mr. Hamilton Benn was unable, through illness, to attend a meeting at Greenwich last night. Mrs. Benn, however, spoke in his stead.

## MOCK-CHINESE ATTACKED.

Rival Processionists Engage in Pitched Battle in Hoxton.

The first battle-royal of the election has occurred in Pittfield-street, Hoxton.

It happened in this way. Mr. Ward, the Liberal and free trade candidate, makes anti-Chinese labour a strong plank in his platform, and for reasons best known to himself employs twenty-five to thirty men dressed up in masks and pig-tails to parade the streets, attend his meetings, and now and then act as a sort of personal bodyguard. The appearance of these mock Chinese is distinctly funny, but deceives no one.

A party of Liberal followers numbering about sixty, headed by one of their indispensable "Chinamen," marched down Pittfield-street on Monday night, singing "Good-bye, Claudy, we must leave you," "Claudy" being meant for the late member, the Hon. Claude Hay.

Halfway down the street they were met by a crowd of the supporters of the other party, who were also singing the same tune, the words being altered to suit their own cause. The opposing forces met.

No one knows precisely how it happened, or "who began it," but in a moment the two parties were engaged in a general rough-and-tumble, give-and-take mace.

The Chinaman had his drum knocked out of his hand and his pig-tail pulled, which evidently brought to his mind the proverb that "He who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day," for he took to his heels and fled. The battle was a one-sided affair from the start. The Liberals were quickly routed, their Chinese lanterns being trampled in the mud, and their banner captured.

There was talk of reprisals in Hoxton yesterday, and if Mr. Ward's contingent of badly made-up Chinese turn out in full force, things may be lively.

A photograph of one of the mock Chinamen appears on our front page.

## SOUTH AFRICA'S ROYAL VISITORS.

Brilliant Reception with Loyal Addresses for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Cape Town yesterday. The Armada Castle was docked at six o'clock in the morning, says Reuter.

Their Royal Highnesses were accorded an enthusiastic reception by a large crowd, and the procession to the City Hall, where loyal addresses were presented, provided a brilliant scene.

The Duke and Duchess are both in perfect health, and took a large part in the amusements held on board during the voyage.

## SIX DAYS' FIGHT.

Rostoff Insurgents Beaten—Warships Sent to a Black Sea Port.

BERLIN, Tuesday.—A telegram received here from Rostoff-on-Don, of yesterday's date, says:—

"Marital law was proclaimed here on the 6th inst. The suburb of Temerny was occupied by Cossacks yesterday, after having been assaulted by artillery and infantry for six days."

"The revolutionaries are completely beaten."—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Warships have been dispatched to Novorossiisk to bombard the town, which is in the hands of the insurgents.—Exchange.

## SIXTEEN KILLED BY A LANDSLIDE.

Houses with Sleeping Occupants Fall a Hundred Feet and Catch Fire.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—A serious landslide occurred at Haverstraw shortly before midnight. Eight houses were precipitated from a height of 100 feet into a clay-pit attached to a brick-yard, and sixteen persons, some of whom were members of leading families, were killed.

Most of those injured were in bed when the accident occurred. The debris of the houses caught fire, and those who fell perished in the flames.

### ROYAL CHAUFFEUR KILLED.

While the King's motor-cars were returning through Markyate from Chatsworth yesterday, Mr. Barnes, a chauffeur, fell off one while attempting to recover his cap, blown away by the wind. He was taken to St. Albans Hospital, where he died.

### WATERLOO STATION ROOF "STRUCK."

It appears that shortly after two o'clock yesterday, during the thunderstorm, the east end of the roof of Waterloo Railway Station was struck by lightning, just where it joins the junction of the South-Eastern Railway. Six large panes of glass in the framework were forced out.

## LORD RITCHIE DEAD.

Sudden Ending of a Distinguished Parliamentary Career.

## RECORD OF HARD WORK.

We regret to announce that Baron Ritchie, who was staying at Biarritz, as the guest of the Earl of Dudley, died yesterday afternoon, as the result of a paralytic seizure.

He had been unconscious for three days, and remained so until the end. Thus terminates a long and distinguished parliamentary career, which was rewarded by his elevation to the peerage when the resignation honours were distributed only a few weeks ago.

The new Lord Ritchie was summoned to his father's bedside by telegram, but is unlikely to have arrived at Biarritz before the end came.

Charles Thomson Ritchie, Baron Ritchie, was born on November 19, 1838, at Dundee, of Scottish extraction on both sides. He was educated privately, and at the City of London School, on leaving which he at once entered on a commercial career, and attained that wide and minute knowledge of business method which afterwards made him so useful as a public servant.

He entered the House of Commons as M.P. for the Tower Hamlets in 1874. With none of the advantages which so help in the attainment of political success, being neither an aristocrat nor an orator, his rise in importance was rapid. He became Secretary to the Admiralty in 1885, and, although he only held the office for seven months, he left upon it the ineffaceable trace of his strenuous personality. Before his date it had taken seven years to build a first-class warship, since his time the same feat can be accomplished in less than three.

### PILOT OF MANY MEASURES.

From the Admiralty he passed to the Presidency of the Local Government Board, and subsequently became President of the Board of Trade, mounting to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer via the Home Secretaryship. In all these departments he did work of sterling value. Perhaps no man of his time of anything like equal value bulked smaller in the public eye, but certainly no contemporary Minister was responsible for so many and such large measures.

By the Act of 1888 he created the County Councils of England and Wales, a measure so much in excess of anything expected from a Conservative Government that he found himself popularly dubbed "Ritchie the Radical." He amended the Factories Acts in the interest of the employee. He piloted the Licensing Act which so fluttered the dovecotes of the publicans, and was described as "the most courageous and contentious Act passed by Parliament during the present generation," through a not too friendly House.

### UNSWERVING CONSERVATIVE.

A strong and unwavering Conservative, his sympathies were always with the poorer classes of the community, and the Allotment Acts of 1881 and 1890 will keep his name sweet for many a year to come in the hearts of the peasant population of England.

The secrets of his success were in his absolute singleness of purpose, his transparent honesty, and his really admirable mingling of strength and tact.

He was little of a traveller, and never spent six consecutive months out of England in his life. He read omnivorously, especially political history. In a sober fashion he was a good deal of a dandy, and confessed that it by no means displeased him to be described as "the best dressed man in the House of Commons."

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. Inouye, Japanese Minister in Berlin, has been raised to the rank of Ambassador.

H.M.S. Renown, with the Prince and Princess of Wales on board, left the Sunderbunds, near Calcutta, yesterday, for Burma.

Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Ena have been joined in Paris by Prince Alexander, who arrived from Madrid by the South Express.

The Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle with Swords, has, according to a Berlin message, been conferred on Admiral Sir Edward Seymour.

M. Doumer was yesterday re-elected President of the French Chamber by 287 votes to 269. He is considered likely to become President of the Republic at the election on February 17.

The Marquis de Tovar, Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, has arrived at Madrid with a dispensation from the Pope, authorising the marriage of the Infanta Maria Theresa to her cousin, Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—

"Westerly winds; changeable, showers, with bright intervals; colder; snow or sleet in places.

Lightning-up time, 6.10 p.m.

Sea passages will be very rough generally.

## MR. SANDOW AS "CHARLES THE WRESTLER."

Tells How He Arranged the Scene in which He Once Played a Leading Part.

The wrestling scene is arranged by Messrs. Sandow, Limited.

That little announcement on the programme of "As You Like It" at the St. James's Theatre yesterday afternoon added a new zest to the enjoyment of the audience.

When the hitherto invisible Charles was thrown the interested audience felt that the order "bear him within" was very necessary. He was very limp.

"Now, Sandow, be thy speed, young man," should be Rosa and I remain in future!

Last night Mr. Eugen Sandow told the *Daily Mirror* how the wrestling scene was rehearsed.

"I was asked," he said, "if I could arrange to have these men taught to do the wrestling properly, and I agreed. It is the first time that I have arranged to teach wrestling in connection with the stage."

Accordingly, Mr. Henry Ainstey, who was to play Orlando, and Mr. Chalmers, who was to be Charles, the wrestler, went to the Sandow School of Physical Culture in St. James's Street, and took eight lessons under a first-class instructor.

"This instructor," said Mr. Sandow with a smile, "is a very strong fellow, and he lifted them about anyhow—just swung them about like clubs!"

The style of wrestling adopted was the Graeco-Roman, in which no holds below the hips are allowed. And that fact, in Mr. Sandow's opinion, gives point to Rosalind's remark: "I would I were invisible to catch a strong fellow by the leg."

"That's just it," said Mr. Sandow. "She knew it was against the rules, and she didn't want to be seen."

It is decidedly interesting to know that Mr. Sandow once played the part of Charles, the wrestler, in "As You Like It." It was in 1893, at a benefit performance in Chicago.

He knew nothing about the play, and he was simply asked if he would wrestle.

"I said, 'Yes,'" said Mr. Sandow, "but when I found that I was to be thrown I didn't see it at all. If I hadn't been told that I should have thrown the other man and spoilt the whole show."

## THE NEW ROSALIND.

Miss Braithwaite Makes a Hit at the St. James's in "As You Like It."

The best chance Miss Lilian Braithwaite has yet had of distinguishing herself came yesterday afternoon. She took full advantage of it. "As You Like It," at St. James's Theatre matinées, is a very good performance throughout, and her Rosalind will bear comparison with the best.

Mr. Ainstey is a fine, manly Orlando; Mr. Molaison a cheerful morose Jaques (he gave the "Seven Ages" speech with thrilling effect); Miss Lettie Fairfax a pretty, tender Celia; and Mr. D. J. Williams an excellent Old Adam.

The production is charming both to eye and ear, and it pleased the audience mightily. These St. James's matinées should not be missed.

## THE "AGE OF SPLINTS."

Doctor Says Conventional Signs of Progress Are Evidences of Grave Decadence.

In a speech of great candour, Dr. T. H. Hyslop, resident physician and medical superintendent of Bethlem Hospital, yesterday addressed a meeting of the Society for the Study of Inebriety in London.

He adopted the view that national decay was inevitable.

A remedy is being sought through all classes of our race, but the tendency was to deal with symptoms. Thus compulsory education had been devised for ignorance and vice; free education and free food for pauperism; creches for parental irresponsibility; innumerable methods of caring for the aged to remedy filial irresponsibility.

Thus we witnessed an age which might be termed the "splint age," inasmuch as we applied philanthropic anodynes, splints, and poultices, which either made or masked symptoms which were already, or would soon become, evidences of constitutional importance.

£4,160 WON IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

A remarkable run of luck has been experienced at Monte Carlo by a Mme. Chauvin, who, with four stakes, won no less than £4,160 in a quarter of an hour, or at the rate of £277 a minute.

MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON AN R.A.

At the general assembly of Academicians and Associates held at the Royal Academy of Arts yesterday Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, painter, was elected an Academician, and Mr. Joseph Israels, painter, and Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens, sculptor, were elected Hon. Foreign Academicians.

## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Lively and Entertaining Features of the Great Fight at the Polls—More About Mrs. Horner's Kiss.

Should Mrs. Horner, the fair supporter of her husband's candidature, be permitted to kiss the male electors of North Lambeth?

This was the one question which apparently interested Mr. Horner's late constituents yesterday.

It is only right to the charming champion of Mr. Horner's interests to declare that, as far as the *Daily Mirror* was able to ascertain, the male electors, taken as a whole, have no very great objection to Mrs. Horner's affectionate advances.

"A Wife," from Bournemouth, however, writes in terms of unqualified indignation.

"I think," she says, "some protest should be made against this indiscriminate kissing of electors by the wives of parliamentary candidates."

"I have forbidden my husband to take any part in the election or attend any meetings, as I feel that I do not wish him to be subject to the constant kissing temptation."

"I do not know how much of this kissing really goes on, but I think it very much safer not to be trusted."

### PEACE IN NORTH LAMBETH.

The dove of peace has returned to the North Lambeth Conservative Club, of which Mr. Fred Horner is president.

Only a few days ago there were animated committee meetings, hot threats to eject Mr. Horner, and savage raids on his party posters. Yesterday everything was changed, and last night there was a larger attendance of members than for many months.

The reason remains a mystery. Mr. Horner attributes it to the triumph of his personality. He has ceased to be abused and his bills remain untouched on the walls.

Another reason for the change is the increased supply of liquid refreshments. When the differences were patched up, and Mr. George Day became honorary secretary and treasurer, the following additions to the club were hastily made:—

Two bottles of "Black and White," two bottles of "Red Seal," two bottles of "Johnny Walker," two bottles of brandy, one bottle of Oxo, one box of cigars, fifty packages of cigarettes, and plenty of ordinary Scotch and Irish for "ordinary" club members.

### MR. HORNER SANGUINE.

"Politics have been cut out for the time being," said Mr. Day to the *Daily Mirror*, "and we hope to rejuvenate the club and add to the membership."

"I feel sure of over 2,000 votes," said Mr. Horner to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "I will tell you why. Last election I polled 2,677 votes. At the last L.C.C. election the 'holters' from the Conservative ranks polled only 900, 300 of whom were women."

"By allowing the other Conservative candidate 600 votes, it would still leave me over 2,000. The last Radical vote was 1,795, and this year it is split in two."

The other candidates are just as sanguine. The Liberal and Labour candidate, Mr. Naoroji, a gentleman of colour, holding that he had more than enough votes "promised" to elect him.

### MR. CHURCHILL'S REPARTEE.

The hecklers in the North-West Manchester electorate, where Mr. Winston Churchill is seeking a seat, are providing plenty of fun at the young politician's meetings.

Yesterday afternoon he addressed a gathering in St. James's Schools, Manchester.

"In a week's time all will be over," he began.

"For you," shouted a voice neither small nor still.

"No," retorted the candidate prophetically. "All will not be over with me for a good deal more than a week." (Laughter.)

A little later Mr. Churchill was saying that Mr. Balfour did not expect to get a majority in the next Parliament.

"He will," somebody shouted, and another supplemented the retort with "not." "He'll get some red herrings," suggested a third amid laughter.

### THE ELECTION CLAQUEUR.

The general election is providing a rich harvest for the professional "claquer."

The "claquer" is a gentleman or lady who for a certain fee will at the right and proper moment either produce applause or dissent at a meeting, theatre, or entertainment of any description.

From a "claquer" whose services have been requisitioned by a political agent for a constituency where the fight will probably be very close, the *Daily Mirror* yesterday received some enlightenment concerning this most interesting profession.

"Oh, yes," he said with cheerful candour, "I'm going to start work to-morrow. It is very simple to break up a meeting, or make it a tremendous success, whichever way is necessary."

"In view of the general election I have been studying politics carefully for the past few months."

"These," he continued, "are my methods: I

have a stock of what I call my 'battle cries.' Suppose I am ordered to attend a Conservative meeting to bring about disorder. I stand at the door for a quarter of an hour and watch the audience going in. By this means I learn from scraps who are supporters and who dissentients. Then I take my place somewhere close to the dissentients."

"When the candidate begins to speak I watch for my openings. The *Daily Mirror* is mentioned, and I foster the murmurs around me by vigorously shouting such phrases as 'Who made his money out of Chinese slaves?' or 'What did the Chartered Company pay for the war?' At the judicious moment these are sure to tell."

"The speaker comes to Mr. Chamberlain and fiscal policy, and I look around at my dissentients and say cheerfully, 'Let 'em have it!' and lead with a yell of 'Yah! the little loaf!' or, 'Of course, it'll put money in your pocket, but how about the poor?' So, once having raised the excitement, it is easy to stimulate it and increase it."

### WAGES OF A CLAQUEUR.

"It is just the same," added the "claquer," smiling, "if I am working for the other party. I get my 'battle cries' and use them. Or I can by the same means turn a cold and unsympathetic audience into a cheering, enthusiastic crowd. It is hard work, of course, at times, needs discretion, and the pay is not good, considering. One guinea a week and expenses," said the "claquer" meditatively, "is not a large salary, is it?"

Women also take part in the business, and the general election has resulted in the formation of a ladies' "claque" society. Women sometimes are even better than men. They are not so liable to be ejected from meetings for disorderly conduct.

The usual method, however, is to supply a "family" of two girls and eight "brothers." The two women go to meetings, sit separately, of course, but close enough to be useful, and at discreet distance from where their "brothers" station themselves. If the women should be ejected, the "brothers" protect them, and see them safely out. The price per week for a qualified family ranges from £8 8s.

### MR. CHAMBERLAIN A "CUCKOO."

Mr. Asquith, speaking at Stockton-on-Tees last night, said protection was the resurrection of a twenty-years-old corpse. Mr. Chamberlain was the cuckoo who had taken the eggs laid by Lord Randolph Churchill in his callowes days.

The first duty of the new government would be to deal with the Education Act, and the next to re-introduce economy into the public services.

### A LITTLE CHAT WITH THE EX-PREMIER.

At a Liberal meeting at Sale last night Sir William Bailey told a story of a little chat he had with the ex-Prime Minister at the Sheffield Cutlers' banquet, when Mr. Balfour pleased both the protectionists and free traders with his speech. "What's your little game?" asked Sir William. "Oh, I intended to please both," was Mr. Balfour's reply.

"What," asked Sir William, "do you think of such a man as the leader of the nation?" "Now," came a reply from the audience, who endorsed this candid opinion amid laughter.

### A PUGILISTIC CANDIDATE.

Mr. R. F. Peel, the tariff reform candidate for Mid-Northamptonshire, was yesterday attacked by a rowdy Radical mob at Moulton.

He stands 6 ft. 6 in., weighs nineteen stone, is an officer of the Coldstreamers, and fought through the Boer War.

So the mob found they had caught a tartar, for he landed out with his fists and soon dispersed his assailants by the infallible process of mercilessly punching the ringleaders.

### POLITICAL ITEMS.

"Are you in favour of donkey-carts being used on election day?" was a question asked Mr. Clynes in North-East Manchester.

About 600,000 London school children rejoiced when the teachers announced that school would be closed on polling day in the various constituencies.

A white goat was seen in North London yesterday bearing a request chalked in red on both of the animal's sides to vote for a certain local candidate.

One candidate has a bill with the words "More employment" in bold type prominently displayed in the window of a funeral furnisher's establishment.

Lord Edmund Talbot, heir-presumptive to the Duke of Norfolk, is conducting his campaign in the Chichester Division, from the sick room, where he is confined by illness.

On the day of his adoption as the Liberal candidate for Mansfield the wife of Mr. A. B. Markham, presented the late member with a son. The little stranger is to be christened Mansfield Markham.

## LAST OF WOODEN WALLS.

Passing of the Three-Decker St. Vincent, Once the Pride of the Navy.

Silent decks and a wind-riven paying-off pennant herald the passing of H.M.S. St. Vincent, one of the last of the old wooden three-deckers whose timbers are seasoned in the past glories of English naval history.

After this week Portsmouth Harbour will know no more, and Nelson's flagship Victory will mourn the absence of a neighbour of over forty years' standing.

There is no sentiment about the Admiralty, and majestic though the proportions of this grand old battleship are, with her breadth of beam and wonderful figure-head, she is to be sold out of Navy and broken up. Thus ends her life of signal usefulness of nearly 100 years, in which the waters of many oceans have lapped her copper-sheathed sides.

As a training-ship for boys she has been a familiar object in Portsmouth Harbour for the last forty years. Her keel was laid down at Chatham in 1803, but she was not ready for launching until 1815, the year of Waterloo.

She boasted a tonnage of 4,672, and with her full complement of 120 guns was reckoned the finest three-decker afloat. Her claims were justified, for the Victory had only 110 guns, with a tonnage of 2,164.

Her days of active commission over, she took up her station at Portsmouth, where thousands of lads who are now the smartest bluejackets in the Navy received their first training on her decks. She has had as many as 800 aboard her at once, but latterly only 300.

Now only Captain G. C. Cayley and seventeen other officers remain aboard, and they will be paid off on Friday. The Admiralty is no longer utilising these old wooden fighting machines as training-ships, with the exception of the *Esmeralda*, at Queenstown.

## THE QUEEN PLEASED WITH "CAROL."

Huge Edition Already Sold Out, but Followed by a Fresh Issue To-day.

Seventy thousand copies of the "Queen's Carol" were sold during Christmas week, and a New Year edition, with the word "Christmas" omitted, is published to-day.

The Hon. Charlotte Knollys writes on behalf of her Majesty:—

The Queen is extremely pleased with her carol, and wishes copies to the value of £5 sent for her own use. I am also to say that she hopes you will not forget to communicate to all concerned in its production her warmest thanks for their kind efforts on behalf of her Fund for the Unemployed.

It is certain that the new edition of 30,000 will be sold out in a few days.

## GOVERNMENT'S "INVESTIGATOR."

Sir William Butler Sent To Report on the State of South Africa.

Much interest has been aroused by the departure of General Sir William Butler for South Africa, as it is understood he is acting as "special investigator" on behalf of the Government.

He was entrusted with this mission soon after the Government took office. He will make inquiries into any subject he may think necessary, and will report on the general state of the country. His associations with South Africa are well known, and he was President of the War Office Committee which sat to consider the question of sales and refunds.

## SERIOUS PARIS TRAMWAY ACCIDENT.

PARIS, Tuesday.—A car on the funicular tramway descended the Rue Belleville at full speed this morning owing to the brakes refusing to act. The terrified passengers leaped off, and fifteen were injured. The lives of three are despaired of.

## MR. MARCONI ILL WITH INFLUENZA.

Mr. Marconi, at present in London, is suffering from influenza.

Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff is maintaining his strength, although still seriously ill.

The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador is doing well.

## HANDIEST GUIDE TO THE ELECTIONS.

Indispensable to all interested in the general election is the "Daily Mail A B C Guide"—a whole political library condensed into a 3d. handbook. "Every information about every constituency" is its keynote, and it contains a whole budget of interesting matter concerning elections, procedure, etc.

It is sold by all booksellers and newsagents throughout the country, or post free from 3, Carshalton House, E.C., on receipt of 4d.

## ROMANCE OF THE PANDORA.

Mr. Kerry, the Explorer, Appears in  
the Dock at the Old Bailey.

## HISTORIC VOYAGE.

Do the islanders of Tristan da Cunha shave? This interesting problem was propounded at the Old Bailey yesterday by Mr. Justice Grantham, but no one was able to enlighten his Lordship.

The question had reference to the charge against a fair-haired, nautical-looking man who was in the dock, no less a personage than Mr. Thomas Caradoc Kerry, the redoubtable explorer of the South Seas, and captain of the famous steam yacht *Pandora*.

The details of a certain historic voyage of the *Pandora* to Tristan da Cunha are already well known. It has been told in a police court how the explorer Kerry obtained the concession to trade in grain at the island, and how in return for the concession he agreed to take out gifts from charitably-minded English people to the poor islanders.

### Bibles Overboard.

Among these gifts were many books from the Duchess of Bedford, being distinguished and edifying books from Woburn Abbey, many Bibles from other benevolent folk, and various further articles that the kind-hearted thought the islanders would find useful.

But Kerry, the explorer, it is alleged, took a different view quite early in the voyage. At Gravesend, on the first day out, he tipped carelessly of Bibles into the river with the remark, "I do not want that stuff," and other islanders' comforts, including 1,000 books and Bibles, he sent round, it is said, to Davy Jones near the Equator.

This romance, Mr. Gill, K.C., repeated to Mr. Justice Grantham, charging the explorer with "theft as a bailee."

### Fifteen Volumes Apiece.

The Judge, casting aside all temptation to revel in the romance of it all, immediately examined matters from a utilitarian point of view. There are 100 islanders on Tristan da Cunha, he pointed out, and the *Pandora* had included in her cargo 1,500 books and Bibles. This would be at the rate of fifteen books and Bibles to each islander.

The Judge also inquired about the kind of islander who was to be the recipient of this wealth of literature. He was informed that the inhabitants are the descendants of shipwrecked sailors and a party of seamen which was sent to annex the island in 1885.

So thorough was his Lordship's analysis of the nature of the library that, when it was stated that some of the volumes contained undesirable insects, he said: "Were the insects to be delivered as well?" (Loud laughter.)

### Judge and the Babies.

Even the island's babies interested his Lordship. Counsel on one side said that there were no babies, and counsel on the other side said that the place was overrun with them.

It was when a consignment of cheap razors was mentioned that the Judge asked whether the islanders shaved.

During the day Mr. Gill read a letter which Explorer Kerry wrote to the Colonial Institute on his return from the eventful voyage. In this the explorer said: "I found the islanders well and happy, and they were delighted with your presents, which I personally distributed."

To the Duchess of Bedford he wrote: "The islanders particularly requested me to convey to your Grace their most sincere thanks for your Grace's kind present."

Yet, according to Mr. Gill, it had all gone to Davy Jones!

The case was adjourned.

### BOOK BY LORD CURZON.

Lord Curzon is almost immediately, says the "World," bringing out a book explaining his differences with the late Cabinet.

It must be borne in mind, however, that such a book could not be published without the explicit permission of his Majesty the King.

### LOCK INVENTOR'S CURIOUS WILL.

The late Mr. Harry Withers Chubb, inventor of the famous lock, who died from the effects of a fall on the staircase at the Colonial Office, has left his residence, Broad Oak, Chishurst, for any of his wife's sisters "who are widows or spinsters." The residue of his estate, valued at £36,574, is left to his wife and children.

### AGED FIRST OFFENDER.

Francis Skeet, aged seventy-five, was bound over at Stratford yesterday, under the First Offenders Act. He is the oldest prisoner ever dealt with in this section.

## £1,000 PIGEON PIE.

### Costly Birds with Which a Millionaire Might Obtain a Regal Dish.

"What a dish to set before a king!" was one's involuntary exclamation on learning the prices of some of the rare birds at the show of the National Pterostom Society at the Crystal Palace yesterday.

Supposing a gastronomic millionaire, in search of the unique and costly dishes in which such extravagant ingenuity is sometimes displayed, were to decide on elevating the pigeon-pie to a dignity to which it had never yet attained, he might turn his attention to the "bars" at the show.

Sometimes the price of a "barb" rises to £100, the white and yellow varieties being the scarce. Doubtless our epicure would select the most expensive varieties, and might indulge the whim of having the five colours—black, red, yellow, white, and dun—represented.

He would require at least eight birds, making the initial expense £800. But so royal a dish must be served up in no niggardly way. It must be borne on a dish of gold, bedecked in the most sumptuous fashion; and no doubt before it was placed before the admiring eyes of the select company it would have cost a round £1,000.

### BISHOP'S WEDDING HYMN.

### Dr. Boyd-Carpenter Writes One Specially for the Marriage of His Daughter.

For the wedding yesterday, at Ripon Cathedral, of Miss Mary Boyd-Carpenter to Mr. Francis Wentworth-Shields, the bride's father, the Bishop of Ripon, composed a special hymn, which was set to music by Sir Walter Parratt.

The first verse of the hymn is as follows:

Lord, who hast made home love to be  
An angel help to us and ours,  
With love in swallows and doves;  
Above our break and cradled hours;  
Bless where we humbly pray;  
Make strong the love Love gives to-day.

### SHOT ON A LINER.

### Man Who Had Lost \$100,000 Preferred Death To Being Tried for Embezzling \$5,000.

"I will answer the charge when I get to San Francisco," were the last words of Charles Meier, charged with embezzling \$5,000 at San Francisco, before he was taken from London on an extradition warrant. But when the steamer *Carmania* reached New York yesterday Mr. Meier pulled out a revolver and shot himself dead.

Mr. Meier was arrested in London, and after being in Brixton Prison a fortnight he was escorted by an American police-sergeant to New York.

Just before the boat sailed Mr. Meier expressed himself happy and hopeful. It is believed the terrible storm through which the *Carmania* went may have caused the depression which led to his suicide.

It is reported that Mr. Meier once had a business in New York worth £100,000, all of which he lost.

### STRAY CAT PHILANTHROPIST.

### Westminster Magistrate Decides To Commit "Spiv" Bagster as an Incorrigible Rogue.

The young man named Bagster, who, better known as "Spiv," has given some trouble to the police, and who came into prominence recently as the alleged inheritor of a fortune, was brought before Mr. Horace Smith, at Westminster yesterday, as a suspected person, having loitered about Vincent-square, Westminster with the apparent intention of committing a felony.

The constable who arrested him said that when he surprised Bagster in an area, "Spiv" said he had taken a great interest in a stray cat, and remarked that it was a great shame that people should turn their cats into the streets at night.

Remanding the accused, Mr. Horace Smith said he would send him to the Sessions to be dealt with as an incorrigible rogue.

### YIELDED TO NOVEL TEMPTATION.

It being illegal for guardians to make direct payment to persons who board-out paupers, the authorities at Southend gave 8s. each, for their lodgings to twenty old men crowded out of the workhouse.

But some of the men spent the money on tobacco and drink, and the guardians have plaintively applied to the Local Government Board for special powers.

Seven hundred and fifty applications have been received for the vacant post of rate collector to Harrow-on-the-Hill Council, at £100 a year.

## JANUARY THUNDER.

### Vivid Flashes of Lightning Astonish Londoners at Midday.

### VIOLENT HAILSTORM.

England had the experience—somewhat rare—of January thunderstorm yesterday.

Loud claps of thunder at midday, with vivid flashes of forked lightning, followed by a torrential hailstorm, astonished Londoners, who had been scanning the lowering sky with anticipations of nothing worse than a shower.

Even meteorological experts were surprised, although a falling barometer had heralded bad weather from the Atlantic.

Just before the storm the sun had been shining brightly after a morning of gloom, oppressive air, and rain. Then quickly the sky became dark, the wind dropped, there was a short interval of stillness, and the storm burst.

### Half-Hour of Hell.

After the thunder-claps, rain and hail fell for about half an hour. It is estimated that a quarter of an inch of rain, or 25 tons to the acre, fell in London, the district being therefore flooded with about 2,000,000 tons.

The sky quickly cleared again, the air became cool, and the thermometer fell nearly 2 deg.

Many other places in the south had an experience similar to that of London, Brighton streets being rapidly flooded. In some country roads the halistones lay in heaps.

In the provinces the roads are almost impassable in many places. The vehicles used in connection with the election campaign experienced great difficulty in reaching outlying districts.

A flock of wild geese yesterday flew over Hampstead Heath—a fact which may have some significance for weather experts.

### WARNINGS FROM MID-ATLANTIC.

### Scheme for Wireless Telegraphy Service Which Would Avert Many Disasters.

In view of the announcement, sent by Reuter, that the Weather Bureau at Washington has arranged to secure weather reports by wireless telegraphy from vessels at sea, and to supply in return forecasts and warnings, the *Daily Mirror* called yesterday at the Meteorological Office to inquire as to the advisability.

"As long ago as May, 1904," said an official, "Sir Herbert Maxwell's committee pointed out the advisability of establishing such a service."

"We could then give Ireland nearly thirty-six hours' warning of storms coming from the Atlantic, and hundreds of fishing craft would be saved from disaster. As it is, a storm appears suddenly."

"It seems a thousand pities that life and property should be lost year by year for the sake of the trifling cost of the service."

### MOTHER'S AWFUL CRIME.

### Kills Her Month-Old Infant After Returning from a Drive with Her Artist Husband.

"I have done it, Nelly. I have cut the baby's head off," said Mrs. Noble, the wife of an artist living at Wanborough, near Guildford, yesterday.

The maid to whom she made this confession said that Mrs. Noble, who had just returned from a drive with her husband, had immediately gone upstairs and committed the terrible crime, with which she will be charged to-morrow.

There is as yet no explanation of the tragedy.

Mrs. Noble does not appear to realise the seriousness of her position. Directly after killing her child and telling her servant what she had done she walked coolly to the scullery and there washed her blood-stained hands.

### THE KING HONOURS A BRAVE POSTMAN.

Amongst the callers at Buckingham Palace yesterday was a young postman from Stirlingshire, on whose coat the King pinned the Albert Medal, for bravery.

Some months ago, at the risk of his own life, the postman saved a man who fell in front of an approaching train.

### GRIM ENTERTAINMENT FOR WORKLESS.

Told that about two dozen men who marched out at the conclusion of business at the Stratford Police Court yesterday were unemployed, pensioners and retired men, Colonel Garrett, the chairman, said he supposed the court was a nice, warm place in which to sit the morning out.

### TRAGEDY AT THE HOTEL CECIL.

One of the housemaids at the Hotel Cecil fell from a sixth-story window into the courtyard yesterday and was killed. It is stated that she had recently been much depressed.

## SAVED FROM THE SEA.

### Drama of the Deep Depicted by Photographs Taken in a Lifeboat.

Never has the drama of life on the high seas been so vividly brought home to the landsman as by the remarkable photographs of the wrecked American barque *Edward L. Maybury*, which appear in the *Daily Mirror* to-day.

Where words would be quite inadequate to tell the thrilling story of the escape from death of the barque's crew of ten men, the photographs depict the dramatic incident with the most striking realism. The men are seen still on board in imminent peril of going down with their ship before their would-be rescuers can reach them. Another photograph taken only a very few minutes later shows that they have been snatched from death—the *Edward L. Maybury* is already breaking up and sinking beneath the surface.

For seven days the crew had lived on the minimum allowance of food and water possible to existence. Day by day they grew weaker and weaker, and day by day it became more evident that the barque could not stand the buffeting of the gale much longer. The sea was swarmed with hungry sharks, and a gruesome death seemed inevitable.

The barque had drifted to a point about 300 miles east of Cape Hatteras, and lay far off the regular track of Atlantic shipping.

What was the joy of the shipwrecked men when, on the afternoon of December 13, the British ship *Stata* hove in sight. But the gale was so strong that it was impossible for the *Stata* to lower a boat, so she stood by the *Edward L. Maybury* all night, several times losing sight of her in the darkness.

It was feared that the barque had gone down, but when the *Stata* picked her up again it was seen that rescue could no longer be delayed. It was seen that seven crew were running, six men volunteered for the task. Their perilous voyage was successfully accomplished, and the last man left the wreck at a quarter to eight—only just in time. The barque's stern had dropped out in the night, and she was breaking to pieces so fast that a few minutes later she sank from view.

The photographs, taken by one of the crew of the *Stata*, are the most remarkable record ever made of the risks which are run by men who "go down to the sea in ships."

### BAITS FOR SHAREHOLDERS.

### Ex-Solicitor's Canning Scheme for Defrauding Innocent Country Ladies.

Ladies whom he had, by searching registers at Somerset House, found to be shareholders in companies, were the victims of Stanley Gardner, at one time a Liverpool solicitor, who was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour at the Old Bailey yesterday.

It was his practice, according to counsel for the prosecution, while carrying on business as an outside stockbroker in Chancery-lane, to write to the ladies, who usually lived in the country, saying he had shares in their companies for disposal, and offering them for less than the market price.

In a number of instances ladies sent him money, the sums ranging from £27 to £211, which, it was stated, he appropriated to his own use.

### "DAILY MAIL" ELECTION CHART.

### Competition for the Best Forecast of the Result Will Close on Monday.

The orders for the "Daily Mail" Election Chart are coming in, in increasing numbers, and readers who delay their orders until the polling actually begins, may find considerable difficulty in securing copies.

The competition in which £50 is offered for the best election forecast closes on Monday, January 15.

The chart is printed in five colours, and is on sale at all bookstores and newsagents at one shilling, or mounted on rollers 2s. 6d. The chart may be secured post free from Carmelite House (a penny stamp being enclosed for postage), or from Messrs. George Philip and Son, Limited, 32, Fleet-street, E.C.

### Politics Made Easy

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### 1/- "Daily Mail" Election Chart.

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ARE  
UPON US.

BUY A  
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## THE MONEY MARKET.

Consols Continue the Stock Exchange Dull Spot.

## KAFFIR RECOVERY.

CAPEL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—The stock markets were quite cheerful to-day. The carriers seemed to put fresh heart into some of the markets, and there were occasional indications of a rather decided change of front. For instance, there was a fillip given to the West African market. Several times recently we have had occasion to note that, possibly as a result of the low prices ruling and the discoveries on various properties, there has been a tendency to nibble at some of the shares of this group.

To-day the movement developed further. There seemed actually to be some evidence of "inside" buying, and several of the shares scored, for them, rather notable advances.

In fact, not only the West African, but most of the mining sections, were inclined to improve. Perhaps in some of the recent gambling counters, such as Esperanza and some of the Broken Hill properties, the tendency was not so good, but the older mining groups seemed to be gaining fresh heart.

## BETTER RHODESIAN FEELING.

Whether due to diamond discoveries talk or not, there was a better feeling again in the Rhodesian group, and, in fact, in South Africans generally, though the latter were not at the best. And occasionally quite perky remarks as to the future were heard in the market. The depression of Premier Diamonds was accompanied by the improvement in De Beers, and this led to a good deal of conjecture, of which, perhaps, the gist was that the Premier was not threatening the De Beers monopoly so much as had been feared.

Further, even the West African market was on the up grade, and the rather heavy selling of Great Fingalls seemed to come to an end, and caused those shares to recover to over 6.

In the Consol market the tone was not at all good. This was one of the dull spots of the "House." The talk of gold leaving the country does not help matters. So Consols were not better than 89 1/2.

## IMPERIUS TO AMERICANS.

In Home Rails the improvement was not perhaps so great as had been expected. The banks did not charge more than was looked for in the matter of Stock Exchange loans. The traffics published during the day were satisfactory enough. But a good deal depends on what sort of a showing the traffics make to-morrow. On the whole prices were just a little better for the day, and that was pretty well all that could be said.

But a decided impetus was given to the American and the Foreign groups of rails. Concerning American Rails they seemed to be favourably affected by the suggestions of fresh currency legislation.

As regards Canadian Rails, they were certainly sympathetically affected with Americans. In the matter of Foreign Rails, the Argentine division was moving up on the crop traffic prospects, and even though Entre Rios traffic was poor, people said that it was only delayed a week or so, and put up even those stocks. Then the Mexican, the Brazilian, and most of the other sections were again disposed to move prices in favour of holders.

## RALLY IN RUSSIANS.

Russians led quite a respectable rally in foreigners. It was, of course, due to the belief that some arrangement has been fixed which did away with the recent difficulty of placing a small Russian loan in Paris. So the market quickly jumped to conclusions. It said that if the Paris bankers favoured Russia financially there was not much amiss with the Morocco question, and this in turn meant that all foreign securities were on the up grade.

There was quite a sharp movement in Peruvian Corporation issues, due to the story of certain coming changes on the board, which will strengthen the financial and Continental status of the corporation.

There is still some disposition to see merits in what we may call the trading shares, things likely to benefit from the improved trade activity of the country. Thus textile shares seemed better, and so did some of the securities of the iron and steel group.

There was buying of the meat share division again, and, in fact, we can say distinctly that there was decidedly more activity and more business done in the Miscellaneous group than has been seen for some time past.

## POLITICAL HUMOUR AT THE LYRIC.

"The Blue Moon," which is running a career of great prosperity at the Lyric Theatre, has entered the New Year with an equipment of many fresh numbers, notably the ditty, "O, My Love," for Miss Florence Smithson and Mr. Herbert Clayton, and some very up-to-date verses for Miss Violet Lloyd and Mr. Bert Gilbert.

The smart political allusions of Mr. Willie Edmunds are now a feature of his delightfully humorous performance.

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

It is expected that 10,000 certificates for proficiency will have been issued by the Automobile Club by the end of 1906. Two thousand drivers have already been passed as competent.

To prevent the spread of an outbreak of scarlet fever in St. Osyth (Essex) Infant School, all the books have been destroyed.

The Duke of Norfolk is providing work for the married men among the unemployed of Littlehampton by having the Arun River bank repaired.

The first fancy-dress skating carnival at the Crystal Palace this season will be held to-day, when prizes for graceful skating and original costumes will be given.

Herman Gordon, charged at Clerkenwell yesterday with not giving a satisfactory account of five ingots and some scrap gold, value £600, found in his possession, was discharged.

For forging a certificate with a view to getting into the Metropolitan Police Force, Barry Kerland was yesterday sentenced at the Old Bailey to three months' imprisonment in the second division.

A Hampstead resident, who had given sixpence to a beggar, saw the latter counting his takings and making further appeals. He gave the man into custody, and was yesterday commended by the Marylebone magistrate.

For making and passing counterfeit money, Albert Jones, William Griffiths, and T. Clark were each sentenced to five years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey yesterday. Mary Piper was also sentenced to four years for the same offence.

The Leeds choir left for Paris, where they will sing in public, yesterday, the party, including friends, numbering 350; 105 members of the London Symphony Orchestra joined them in London.

Only four cases came up for hearing at the City Summons Court yesterday, the lowest number ever in a single sitting, the highest having been 137.

Born in Bank-buildings seventy-eight years ago, Mr. J. A. Kingdon, surgeon to the Bank of England, whose death is announced, lived all his life in the City of London.

Twenty-one District Railway signalmen, between Blackfriars and Sloane-square, will lose their occupation when the new system of automatic signalling is inaugurated next Monday.

Three memorials, from the Shoreditch Borough, Willesden Urban and Middlesex County Councils, were lodged yesterday against the L.C.C. Tramways Bill, to be presented in Parliament next session.

In the case of Luigi Carnevali, sentenced to twelve months' hard labour at the Old Bailey yesterday for forgery, the Commissioner said he should recommend the Home Secretary to make an expulsion order against him under the Aliens Act.

Shares worth £123 having been discovered among the effects of Samuel Gresley, who had long been maintained by the Basford (Nottingham) ratepayers, the guardians yesterday decided to recoup themselves for the cost of his keep, and hold the balance for possible relatives.

## PARLIAMENT OFFICIALLY DISSOLVED.



Yesterday copies of the King's proclamation dissolving Parliament were posted on the historic arches which shelter the mounted troopers at the Horse Guards.

Damages estimated at £20,000 have been caused by fire at Messrs. Cooper's potteries, Maida Vale.

Mr. Offiler, a Nottingham man of ninety-one, has just attended his fifth consecutive Oddfellows annual dinner in that town.

The late Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, of Reading, has bequeathed ten £100 Argentine bonds to General Booth for the Salvation Army.

The first Lord Lytton said that his head-gardener, Mr. John Kipling, who has just died at Knebworth, was his most interesting correspondent.

A report pointing to the removal of Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipyard at Belfast to Liverpool is utterly discredited in the best-informed quarters at Liverpool.

An order has been issued to the Peterborough City Police Force that the monthly leave of the men is to be stopped until the fowl stealers, who have been successfully racking scores of poultry yards in the district, have been captured.

Miss Beatrice Ferrar, who sprained her ankle recently while playing Puck at the Adelphi, has quite recovered, but will not appear in that part again, being engaged for Mr. Cyril Maude's new play, "The Superior Miss Pellew," at the Waldorf.

After considering the matter for two years, the Local Government Board has just signified that it approves of Brighton Town Council borrowing £20,000 for remodelling the public library and museum. The money has long since been expended in doing the work.

The Army Council have sanctioned a new head-dress to be worn by the 1st Surrey Rifles in place of a helmet.

Catherine Carver, a widow, and her son Thomas, died at Hull yesterday from burns caused by the upsetting of a paraffin lamp.

Part of a runaway coal train at Seaham Harbour, Durham, fell into the hold of the steamship Altyre, which was lying at the wharf loading.

Tuam (Co. Galway) Town Commissioners resolved at their last meeting that no application for any position at their disposal should be entertained unless the candidate had a knowledge of the Irish language.

Prior to his departure from Rowsley Station yesterday the King presented Mr. Samuel Pitt, the stationmaster, with a handsome monogram pin, in recognition of his services in connection with various royal visits to Chatsworth.

The King has been pleased to approve of the appointment of Rear-Admiral George Fowler King Hall to be senior officer on the coast of Ireland, in succession to Vice-Admiral Angus Macleod, C.V.O., who will shortly vacate the command.

The widespread interest taken in the Indian tour of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales should ensure a crowded audience at Queen's-gate Hall, Harrington-road, South Kensington, on Tuesday afternoon, January 16, when Mme. Coquelin, a native Indian lady, will deliver a lecture on "The Manners and Customs of Indian Home Life."

## THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

ADEPHL.—Lesse and Manager, Otto Stuart. *THE DREAM*. Mat. Every Wed. and S.t. at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. Terry), open 10 to 10. Tel. 2,645 Gerrard.

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Strand. *Strand*. *TO-DAY* and *TO-NIGHT*. *CHARLES FROHMAN*. *TO-DAY* and *TWICE DAILY*, at 2 and 8. *CHARLES FROHMAN* presents *ELLALIN TERESA* and *SEYMOUR HICKS*. *in BLUEBELL*. Box-office open 10 to 10. Tel. 2,515, Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. *Mr. TREE*. *TO-DAY*, at 1.15, and *TO-NIGHT*, at 8.15. *SHAKESPEARE'S* (for 4 nights only). *TWELFTH NIGHT* (for 4 nights only). *Malvina* (Mr. TREE). *Olivia* (Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER). *Viola* (Miss VIOLET TREE). *MONDAY*, Jan. 15, to *WEDNESDAY*, Jan. 17. *COLLIER'S* *TO-MORROW*. *CHARLES FROHMAN* presents *THE ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE*. *DE STOCKHOLM*. *DE STOCKHOLM* *TO-MORROW* (Mr. Terry). *DE STOCKHOLM* *TO-MORROW* (Mr. Watts), 10 to 10. *No Fees*. Tel. 1775 Gerrard.

IMPERIAL. *Mr. LEWIS WALLER*. *TO-DAY*, 2.30, and *EVENING*, at 8.15. *A Masquerade* in four acts, by Rudolph Lothar, adapted by Louis N. Parker and Sewell Brereton. *Mr. LEWIS WALLER* and *CHARLES FROHMAN* *KING*. *Mr. LEWIS WALLER* *MONTE-CARLO*. *MISS EVELYN MILLARD*. *MATINEE* *EVERY WEDNESDAY* and *SATURDAY*, 2.30.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE. *Dean-street*, *Shafesbury-avenue*. *THEATRE FRANCAIS*. *Director*, *MISS REINHOLD*. *TO-NIGHT* and *TO-MORROW*, at 8.30, in *HEUREUSE* (first time). *MONDAY*, Jan. 15, to *WEDNESDAY* and *SATURDAY*, 8.30. *LA RAFALE* *first time*. *MATINEE* *SATURDAY*, at 2.30. *LA RAFALE*. *MONTE-CARLO*. *MISS DE FERAY*. *SOCIETE MONTE-CARLO*. *MISS DE FERAY*. *MISS MARIE LEONTE*, *de la Comedie Francaise*, and entirely new company, in "Le Paon."

ST. JAMES'S. *WILLIAM MOLLISON*. *TO-DAY*, at 2.30, and *EVERY EVENING*, at 8.30. *BESIDE THE BUSH*. *TO-NIGHT* and *WEDNESDAY* and *SATURDAY*, 8.30. *"AS YOU LIKE IT"—SPECIAL MATINEES* *TO-MORROW* (Thursday), and *EVERY TUESDAY* and *THURSDAY*, at 2.30.

SHAFESBURY THEATRE. *Sole Lessee and Manager*, *THOMAS W. RYLEY*. *TONIGHT* and *EVERY EVENING*, at 8.30 o'clock. *MATINEE* *EVERY WEDNESDAY* and *SATURDAY*, 2.30. *Mr. H. G. RYING* in *THE JURY OF FATE*. *By C. M. S. McLellan*. *Box-office* now open 10 to 10. Tel. 6,667 Ger.

TERRY'S.—*Sole Prop.* *Mr. Edward Terry*. *TO-DAY* and *EVERY AFTERNOON*, at 3 and 9. *CHARLEY'S AUNT*. *By Brandon Thomas*. *At 8.30*. *FOURCOURT AND CO.* *Box-office* (*Mr. Scarsbrook*), 10 to 10. Tel. 2,702 Ger.

WALDORF THEATRE.—"LIGHTS OUT." *Lesser*, *the Messing*, *every night*. *EVERY NIGHT* and *LIGHTS OUT*. *H. V. EDMOND*, *CHARLES FUJTON*, *LESLIE FABER*, *W. T. LOVELL*, *Miss EVA MOORE*.

"LIGHTS OUT." *THE DRAMATIC SUCCESS OF THE SEASON*. *Preceded*, at 8.30, by *LA MAIN*, a *Mimedrame* in one act, *Miss CAMILLA DALBERG*.

WALDORF THEATRE.—*NOAH'S ARK*. *TO-DAY* and *EVERY AFTERNOON*, at 2.30, *an original Fairy Play*, *entitled NOAH'S ARK*.

*NOAH'S ARK*. *MISS MADGE LESSING*. *Miss MADGE LESSING*, *Mr. HARRY PAULTON*. *MISS MADGE LESSING*. *NOAH'S ARK*.

NOTICE.

WALDORF THEATRE. *Mr. CYRIL MAUDE*. *On WEDNESDAY EVENING*, January 17, will be produced a New Comedy, entitled *THE SUPERIOR*, by *George Bowkett*, in which *Mr. CYRIL MAUDE* and *Miss WINIFRED EMERY* will appear. *Box-office* Now open, 10 to 10. Tel. 3,830 Gerrard.

WYNDHAM'S.—*CHARLES WYNDHAM*. *Matinee* *TO-DAY* and *EVERY NIGHT*, at 8.30. *MISS MARION TERRY*, and *MISS MARY MOORE*, in *CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE*, at 8.30. *"The American Widow"*, by *WYNDHAM'S*.

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE THEATRE. *Robert Brough* *WEDNESDAY* Popular Prices. *Free Booking*. *WEDNESDAYS* *MONDAY*, *WEDNESDAY*, *THURSDAY*, at 2. Children half-price.

COLISEUM, CHARING-CROSS.—THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3, 6, and 9 p.m.

At 5.6, and *CHARIOTEERS*. 12 *Fairy Horses* race at breakneck pace.

At 3 and *ALADDIN'S LAMP*, introducing *CHUNG MAO*, *MAIDI*, *TEMPLE*, and *Mr. RICHARD GREEN*, etc.

At 6 p.m. *POINTER* (old and new). "AN ARABIAN NIGHT." *MAZEL*, etc. *Prices* 2 to 2 Guineas.

LONDON HIPPODROME.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m. *AMONG THE STARS*. *FISHING AND GOMORRHA* "ANNETTE KELLER" and *CHARLES GARNIER*.

*THE SNOWY DOGS*. *BISCUIT SISTERS* *URMA*, *AUSTIN BROS.*, *CARL REINSH*, *DEBQUE BROS.*, *COLE DE LOSSES*, *DE GROSE*, *DE MEZZETTIS*, *WATER*, *WATER*, *WATER*, *BELLING*, *RINALDO*, *MEZZETTIS*, *"A BOU"*, *THE NOVELLOS*, *THE AURORAS*, *THE HARDINAS*, *LES POLLOS*, etc.

Other Amusements on page 15.

MARKETING BY POST.

DEVONSHIRE Cream, pure, nourishing, delicious; 1lb. 4d., 1lb. 2s. 4d., free.—*Mrs. Conyer, Bridgwater, Devonshire*.

GLOAG'S Perls Whisky, delicate, soft, delicious, by post, 7s. 6d.—*Matthew Gloag, Perth*.

## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

## Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1906.

## A LANDMARK IN HISTORY.

THERE does not as yet seem to be much real public interest in the general election. Nor, from one point of view, is this anything to be surprised at. The candidates are, for the most part, a poor lot. They are more anxious on both sides to conceal than to express their opinions.

And yet this general election of 1906 is certainly the most interesting of our time. It will be a landmark in history. Future generations are certain to look back to it as one of the milestones on the road along which the British race has made its way.

This is the first election in which the majority of the electors are the product of State Education. It is the first time in our history when practically all voters are able to read, and therefore to get their opinions from other sources than the speeches of my Lord Tommody or Mr. Buzfuz, K.C.

The Act which made attendance at school compulsory was passed in 1870. Its effect could not be calculated until it had been in operation for a generation. Exactly a generation (thirty years) had elapsed when the election of 1906 took place. But that was not a fair test.

For one thing, the nation was in a state of warlike frenzy. It was suffering from *militaris* (inflammation of the pugnacious instinct). Also the polls were very much smaller than usual, partly because few Liberal candidates had any chance, and partly because many people who did not feel happy about the war abstained from voting in order not to appear unpatriotic.

We are, therefore, about to see now for the first time the result of universal schooling as regards politics. Will the polls be heavier or smaller than usual? Has the development of intelligence made the average voter take greater or less interest in the affairs of his country? We shall see.

B. R.

## "LOVE IS BEST OF ALL."

In England all but a very few marriages are the result of falling in love. Two young people meet and look into one another's eyes and decide that they cannot live asunder.

Often they find out later that they cannot live together—with any chance of permanently enjoying the bliss they dreamed of. But the English mind is revolted by the idea of marriages being arranged in any other way. Think of the popular scorn poured upon the "marriage market" which Society still keeps up.

In France, on the contrary, the almost invariable practice is for parents to arrange matches for the daughters and sons. The basis of the arrangement is not Love, but Money.

One man has a son to whom he can leave a business worth £10,000. A neighbour will give his daughter a dowry of a like amount. The fathers meet and haggle a little, and then agree. The young people may never have seen one another before, but they seldom raise any objection, and as a rule they hit it off quite as well as married couples do in this country.

There is an agitation getting up in France, however, for abolishing the law which makes the consent of parents a necessary condition to marriage. A famous Judge has pronounced that marriage ought to be free. Under present conditions, he says, divorces increase so rapidly that marriage is becoming "only a sort of temporary arrangement." Marriages for love, he thinks, would alter that.

But has this famous Judge not noticed that divorces increase rapidly also in England, under the very conditions which he believes would decrease them in France? The causes for the state of things which he deplors must lie deeper than he imagines.

E. B.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"As we take up any duty and go forward with it, we shall receive the strength we need to do it." —Miller.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SOME interesting elections have just been made at the Royal Academy of Arts—Mr. E. W. Pomeroy and Mr. Edward Stott have been made Associates, and Mr. Frank and Mr. William Strang "Associate-Engravers." Mr. Pomeroy, to begin with him, is one of the best-known of our younger sculptors. He is responsible for many portrait busts of great men of his time. Perhaps there is something realistic about his work since he is, I think, the only man who has represented Gladstone with a maimed hand—the great man, it may be remembered, lost one of his fingers through a gun accident, and had to wear a "hood" over the wounded place.

\* \* \*

Mr. Pomeroy is a Scot by descent. His first important commission came from Scotland. He made a statue of Burns for Paisley, "where the shaws come from," and represented the poet at his plough. A worthy citizen of the town was asked what he thought of the composition. He requested that the statue might be "turned round" once

more, so that the shaws came from the right side. This was done, and the statue was then accepted.

Dr. R. F. Horton, the well-known Congregational minister, is to hold his reception for Free Church missionaries at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, to-day. He was chairman of the Congregational Union a year or two ago, and is at all times one of the busiest men imaginable. Only a few years ago his health gave way under the weight of the innumerable duties he had imposed upon it. He is fairly strong, however, in spite of that, and was a famous oar in college days at Oxford—rowed, in fact, in the New College boat at a time when it was head of the river.

\* \* \*

How does a man become a Nonconformist—not in name, I mean, but by intimate conviction? Can a creed which is half-protest, which gains some of its strength as an opposition to a form of worship longer established than itself, make very enthusiastic converts? Everyday experience shows that it can. But Dr. Horton himself has told the world

## "NO ELECTION KISSES FOR YOU, MY LAD."



If lady canvassors should generally follow the example set in Lambeth, where a candidate's wife kissed the foreman of a party of labourers whose votes she was soliciting, the attendance of husbands at political meetings is likely, for domestic reasons, to fall off.

twice, and even a third time, for his inspection. He remained silent until he caught sight of a thistle which the artist had brought into his work. Then his eyes lit up. "The Scotch thistle," he exclaimed. "Mon, but ye've put an awfu' lot of thistles intae it!"

\* \* \*

Mr. William Strang's is one of the best known of those names now officially honoured. His portrait-etchings of Mr. Chamberlain, of Mr. Kipling—who the artist slightly resembles in feature—and of Robert Louis Stevenson; his weird landscapes, in which you may note his discipleship to Alphonse Legros, have made him one of the most widely appreciated workers of his kind. Like other successful artists—one feels tempted to say like all of them—Mr. Strang was not encouraged in this career by his parents. But did one ever hear of a boy who was?

\* \* \*

He was born at Dumbarion, educated at the Academy, as they grandiloquently call the school of that town, and then made to be a clerk in a great firm of shipbuilders on the Clyde. Idleness is frequently a good sign in clerks—it may mean that they will outgrow their profession. Mr. Strang was certainly not particularly industrious, and used to console himself by sketching Dumbarion Castle, as he saw it from his window, for the nuisance of having to check and copy dull commercial documents. In time one of his employers had his

what experience it was that "sealed his life for Nonconformity."

\* \* \*

He was being educated at a certain private school where boys were taught to repeat their catechism on Sunday. A particularly harsh and cruel natural boy was in Dr. Horton's form. He, with the rest, gave a ready answer to the question, "Who gave you that name?" and spoke, very glibly, of the "baptism wherein he was made a child of God." "From that moment," Dr. Horton said, "I date my conviction that baptism does not produce the alleged effect."

\* \* \*

Grown up people, or the majority of them, forget what they were like when they were boys. Perhaps that is why the opinion grew popular that boys are never religious, that religion has to be driven into them like medicine. Yet how many are filled at school with a perfect ardour of conviction? Dr. Horton himself, with two of his friends at Shrewsbury—one of whom was an ardent Ritualist—got up a kind of religious "movement" there by holding prayer-meetings in his study. These attracted a great many boys and irritated many others. There was a kind of uproar (all movements have their persecutions) one night outside the study. The headmaster intervened, gave his official favour to the prayer-meeting, and, by doing so, killed it dead. What is the good of a prayer-meeting approved of by the authorities?

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## IMMORTALITY FOR ANIMALS.

The souls of animals are temporarily individualised here for the instruction, food, companionship, etc., of man.

Animals are of earth, not of heaven, whatever "great thinkers" may theorise, and there will be no desire for them as food or companions when the human spirit shall have sufficiently advanced (in the other world) to dispense with them.

The love of man for any individualised animal can enable that animal to exist in the spirit world until its lover sees that it is no longer necessary; its form is then dissipated. H. W. T. Kensington, W.

Admitting Darwin's theory to be correct, if the souls of animals are not immortal, at what period during the slow evolution of man was immortality introduced?

If they are immortal, what is the difference between the souls of a sponge, an oyster, a dog, and a man? H. G. SELLARS. 5, Rhodesia-road, Leytonstone.

## ARE WOMEN TO HAVE VOTES?

Mr. William Wilfred Spink says that if the present Government "intend to still further emancipate women by giving them votes," etc., they will lose his support!

I am wondering what sort of support it is, and whether it equals that of any illiterate labourer, who can only make his mark, and yet is entitled to his vote along with Mr. William Wilfred Spink? Some people may think that a clever, clear-headed woman is equal (?) to either of these.

Further, Mr. Spink has yet to learn, perhaps, that women are quite independent enough to emancipate themselves, and have done so, to a great degree, without calling in the aid or "support" of himself, however powerful that may be!

CECILE LORRAINE.

The Hydro, Clevedon, Somerset.

## BOY SMOKERS.

Splendid! As one who has some knowledge of medical science, I declare to you that by your cogent article on "Boy Smokers" you have inaugurated an era of repression and reform which will amazingly increase the love and esteem in which your noble and enterprising *Daily Mirror* is held a thousand-fold.

No one can shut his eyes to the deteriorating effect of cigarette-smoking on the boy-life of our country, and one is glad and grateful to note from your article that this grave and pressing matter is being incarnated in a Bill to be presented to Parliament for the suppression of juvenile smoking.

1, Finsbury-circus, E.C. JOHN M. L. BAIN.

## THE CLERGY AND THE POOR.

A West End physician is reported to have said to a representative of the *Daily Mirror*, "You don't find a clergyman burying or marrying you for nothing."

West End physician knows very little about the clergy. Numbers like myself take scores of burial services for nothing in the course of a year in urban district council cemeteries. It is not uncommon to find the clergy excusing fees for marriages.

Many clergy can be found, too, who pay doctors' fees for their poor parishioners.

SUSSEX VICAR.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## General Sir William Butler.

HE has just been appointed to what seems to be a very important mission to South Africa. Important or not, the mission is certainly sufficiently comprehensive. He is authorised to make inquiries "on any subject" and to report "on the general state of the country."

Sir William Butler was sixty-seven last October, and has served the Army valiantly for forty-seven years. He distinguished himself first under Lord Wolseley—Colonel Wolseley was at the time when the latter was sent out to suppress the rebellion of half-breeds under Riel in Canada.

That the Government did not utilise his great abilities at the time of the Boer war was one of the evidences of its incapacity. He had an unequalled knowledge of the topography and of the politics of South Africa. He had been there in 1875, attended the conference at Bloemfontein, served through the Zulu war (1879-1880), and in 1889 was appointed Commander of the Troops in Cape Colony.

With that record behind him, the Boer war was apparently considered outside his province! Let us be thankful that at last the mistake is being remedied.

## IN MY GARDEN.

JANUARY 9—Westerly gales have torn through the garden again. To-day every path is strewn with pine-needles and many a branch blocks the woodland walk.

The cedars, from the mountains of Atlas and Lebanon, always suffer in heavy storms, especially when growing singly in exposed positions. Snow, also, damages them. It is therefore much wiser to plant them in bold groups, so that each one may protect the other.

Most pines shed their lower branches, but this is not to be deplored, since it reveals their noble stems, adding grandeur to the picture. E. F. T.

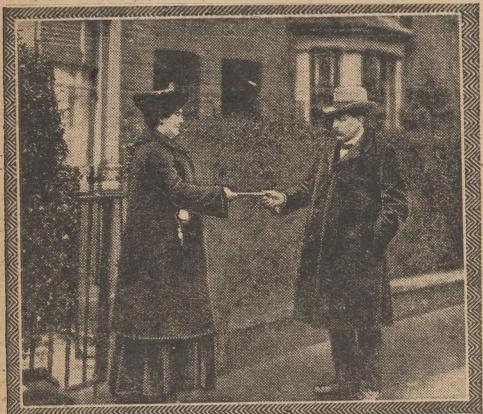
# Pictorial News

## POLITICAL MASS MEETING IN THE RAIN.



At Liverpool even women and children stand cheerfully for hours in the rain listening to election speeches. The photograph shows Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the Home Rule member for the Scotland Division of Liverpool, addressing a mass meeting at Eldon-place, Anfield.

## LADY CANVASSER AT WORK



In the present election most of the candidates are receiving valuable assistance from lady canvassers. They are frequently able to secure promises of votes where men canvassers have been unable to gain even an interview. The photograph is of a lady canvasser at work for Mr. Hamblin at work for Mr. Hamblin handing a voter a voting-card.

## WOMEN'S CANDIDATE.



Unable to go to Parliament themselves, the Women's Trade Union are running Councillor Thorley Smith for Wigan, who is pledged to support the enfranchisement of working women.

## AMATEURS AGAINST PROFESSIONALS AT FULHAM.

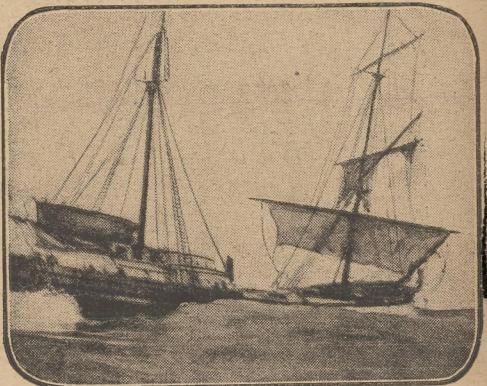


In the match between Amateurs and Professionals of the South at Fulham the Amateurs were beaten by 1 to 0. The photograph shows clever passing by Professionals.

# FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN



During a gale off Cape Hatteras the New York barque Edward L. Maybury was dismasted, and the crew, after working at the pumps until they were exhausted, and the last drop of water was gone, gave themselves up for lost, when the British ship Statia hove in sight.



Snapshot taken from the lifeboat of the Statia as she came alongside the Edward L. Maybury to take off the crew.



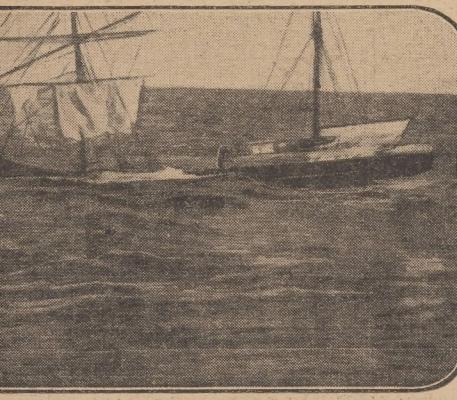
Lifeboat's crew of the Statia, who effected the gallant rescue.

# STYLISH SHIPWRECK

E. Taylor.



stood by all night, and in the morning, when the lifeboat from Statia came alongside, it was found that the stern of the Edward L. Maybury had dropped off. The above photograph is of the Edward L. Maybury when first sighted by the Statia.



of the Edward L. Maybury as the Statia's lifeboat left with her crew. They were taken off just as the vessel sank.

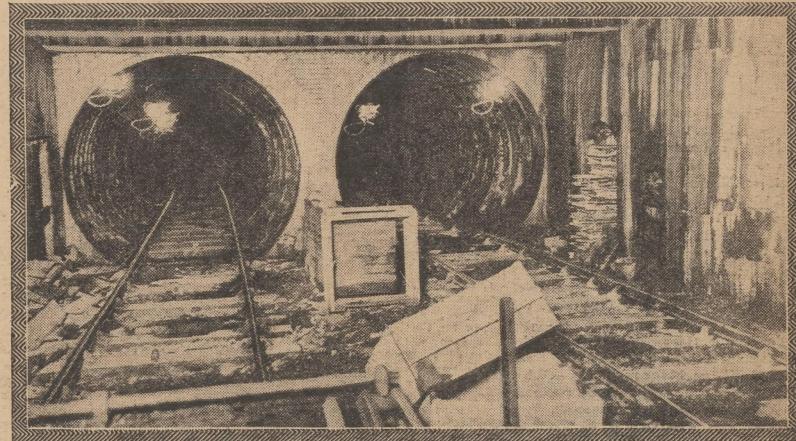


Crew of the Edward L. Maybury, rescued from certain death.

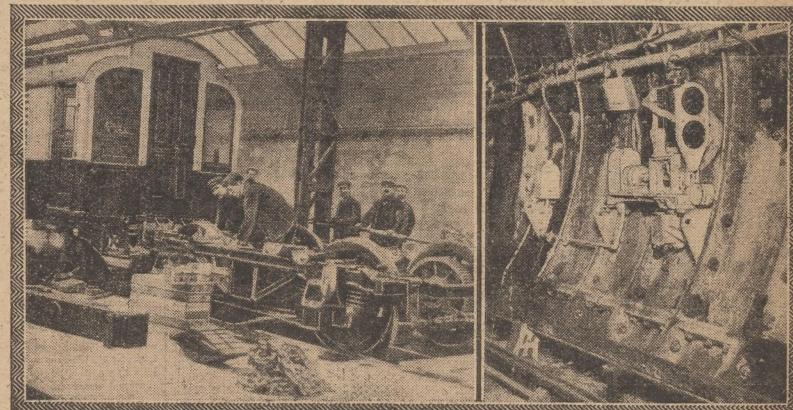
# Cameragraphs

CYRIL CORNELL.

## LONDON'S NEW UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.



The Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton Railway, now approaching completion, at the Baron's Court terminus passes under the West Kensington Station of the District Railway. At the top of the photograph are the girders supporting the District Line, covered with stalactites, as there is much water in the soil at this point which continually percolates through.



(1) In the workshops at London-road, near Waterloo, fixing the motor-gear to a car; (2) an automatic train-stopper fixed in the tube. This is the first device of its kind ever used on English railways. When the signal is at danger an arm protrudes which catches the handle of the air brake on the train and applies the brake. The idea is not to rely entirely on the alertness of the signalman in securing the perfect safety of the passengers.



Train emerging from one of the small running tubes into the larger tunnel embracing Kennington Station. The hooks on the side of the tunnel are to receive the electric cables through which the power is transmitted to the train. This is considered an absolutely safe position to place them.

OUR NEW SERIAL  
BEGINS TO-DAY.

## The Broken Law.

## CHAPTER ✽ The Unfinished

I. Task.

"You are quite sure you have made no mistake?" asked George Crawshay quietly.

"I have made no mistake," the doctor answered. "In a case like this it is impossible to make a mistake. I can only confirm what your own doctor told you."

He bit his lip and turned away from the eyes of the man to whom he had given the sentence of death. It was his duty to speak the truth. But this is the hardest and most cruel duty of every great specialist. It is easier to watch men die.

"Well, well," said Crawshay gaily, "one mustn't grumble. I've had a good deal of fun in my time, and a good deal of trouble too—just enough to give a spice to life—eh, doctor? I don't think much of a placid existence. Too much like a slug, eh? Well, there, it's not your business to deliver opinions on how to get the most out of life. You're chiefly concerned with the end part of the show. Good-bye, Sir William, I know you're busy—oh, by-the-by, your cheque," and he walked over to a mahogany desk which stood against the wall.

"Please post it on to me," said Sir William Dale.

"Oh, no, you'd better take it. One never knows what might happen, and there might be some quibble about the amount after I—it's better to give it you now. If it won't hurt your professional pride to take it."

He sat down at the desk, wrote out a cheque, crossed it, blotted it, and placed it in an envelope. Then he rose to his feet and handed the fee to Sir William Dale.

"The envelope," he said with a smile, "hides the offence. You great men are touchy about such things, I know. Well, I've written lots of cheques to doctors in my time, and I hope this is the last. At any rate, I've got something definite for my money."

The great specialist frowned. The tone of levity jarred on his feelings. But he took the envelope and placed it in his pocket.

"Thank you," he said gently. "I'm sorry—very sorry—"

"Tush, man!" interrupted Crawshay sharply. "There's nothing to be sorry about. You're only the knife, after all. And the hand that uses you is a hand that slays and spares not. Good-bye, Sir William; I'll follow out all your directions, though you confess they're worthless."

He held out his hand, and the great doctor gripped it in silence. Then Sir William Dale left the room, thought over the case for a few minutes as he drove home in his brougham, and dismissed all thought of Crawshay from his mind.

Crawshay walked over to the window and watched the carriage drive away from the door.

Then he turned from the window and walked towards the fireplace. The room, handsomely furnished with old oak and mahogany, glowed cheerfully in the light of the flames.

He threw himself into a deep, wide easy chair and stared at the blazing oak logs in the grate. There was no sign of emotion on his thin, clean-shaven face. Sir William Dale had only confirmed the words he had listened to more than a year ago. He cared little for life. He was forty years of age, and though his intellect had barely reached its prime, he knew that the life of his body was passing the summit of its strength.

Yet there is a purpose in every life. It may be pleasure, it may be ambition, it may be love, it may be merely a desire to earn the bare necessities of existence. But it is there, in every man or woman, and it is that which makes it so hard to die.

And it was that which occupied the mind of George Crawshay, as he stared into the fire and thought over his sentence of death. The last ten years of his life had been devoted to a single task. Now he knew that he would have to die, and leave his task unfinished.

A good man, forced to relinquish his life-work, might have looked back on the past years with a feeling that he had not wasted his time, and that, though he had been called away before he had accomplished his task, yet what he had already done would be counted to his credit on the last great day of reckoning.

But George Crawshay was not a good man, and the task that he had set himself to do was not a worthy one. He had spent ten years of his life in a vain endeavour to take vengeance on a man.

And now, when death was close to him, he did not even know the name of the man whose destruction he had sought and planned. There was nothing paltry or mean in this long and useless search. It had been grim, earnest, terrible. It had been undertaken for the love of an only sister. It had become the all-absorbing passion of his life.

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Looked at from a worldly point of view it had been fine, even noble, in its intensity. But now, with the shadow of death creeping across the floor, how bitter seemed the memory of these wasted years. Their only possible reward was success; and George Crawshay had failed to achieve it.

"If I could only find him," he murmured as he gazed into the fire. "If I could but unmask him to the world, blast his peace and happiness, hold him by the throat and choke the life out of him. If there were only time to do this. But it is too late. Violet, it is too late. And this is the real bitterness of death."

He rose to his feet, and walked slowly across to a table which stood in a corner of the room by the door. On the table there was a large oaken box bound and clamped with curiously wrought iron. It was a medieval treasure, and had once perhaps held the jewels of some fair daughter of Venice. Now it contained the records of the work of ten years.

He lifted it from the table and placed it on the hearthrug. Then he took a key from his pocket and turned it in the lock. Then he sat down before it, and opening the lid gazed thoughtfully at the contents.

"This," he said to himself, "is all that I have to show for the labour of ten years."

He took out a packet of papers and letters, and glanced at the date. Then he smiled grimly. That represented the work of one year, and he had been only thirty-one when he had written the date across it in blue pencil. There were many similar packets in the box, and each one contained the result of a year's work; clues taken up, hotly pursued and abandoned, memoranda of interviews with detectives, receipts for money spent in the search, letters from people who had known the girl, letters from people who thought that they had seen her after she left her home.

He picked up one of the packets and poised it in his hand, as though about to fling it into the fire. Then he hesitated, and dropped it into the box.

"Not yet," he muttered. "I will not burn them yet—not till the last moment."

One by one he replaced them in their casket; then he turned the key in the lock, and carried the box to the table. It was a pitiable scene. George Crawshay, white-faced and trembling, with all the sum total of ten years' work in that wooden box. He was a man of fine intellect, and of untiring energy; yet all strength of body and mind had been used up to accomplish this—a mere pile of waste paper that would soon be cast into the flames.

He returned to his chair, and stared into the fire. Then, suddenly, the sweat poured from his forehead, and for a few moments he writhed in agony with his hands pressed to his heart. Then he staggered to his feet, and groped his way across the room, and felt blindly for a bottle on his desk. He found it, opened it, and placed it to his white lips.

For a moment he stood still, and the air was a web of mist and dancing lights, and there was the roar of some great vibration in his ears. Then the mist cleared away and the lights vanished, and the roar died down into the steady beat of his own heart.

He walked steadily back to the fireplace and looked at his watch. He knew that he was near to death, and he did not intend to spend the evening in thinking about it. He wanted laughter, song, wine, the smiles of a woman—anything that would make him forget. There was little enough time left for pleasure, and he could not afford to lose a minute of it. He went into his bedroom to dress for dinner. As he was tying his white tie with scrupulous care a servant knocked on the door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Ask him to wait," replied Crawshay. "I'll see him in two minutes."

CHAPTER ✽ Rakehell  
II. Gaunt.

Crawshay completed his toilet with deliberate slowness and exactitude. The knowledge that he was to die in a few weeks had not deprived him of his regard for the smaller niceties of life. He was, if anything, more particular than usual about his personal appearance. His tie was a triumph. There was not a speck of dust on his faultless clothes. His boots shone like mirrors.

He looked at himself in the long pier glass and smiled grimly. Then he returned to his sitting-room.

As he entered a tall, clean-shaven man rose to his feet.

"Hello, Gaunt."

"Evening, Crawshay. Are you doing anything to-night?"

"Nothing particular."

"Well, come and dine with us. Miss Paradise asked me to bring one or two men. I'll only be a sort of cold meal. Carfax is coming."

"Thanks, I should like to."

"Good. We're not expected till eight, and it's now seven. I came early, in case you might have gone out."

"Have a sherry and bitters."

"I think a brandy and soda is more in my line." Crawshay poured out half a tumbler of brandy and filled it up with soda water. Gaunt drank a third of it in a single gulp and then lit a cigarette with trembling hands. Crawshay smiled, and pouring some brandy into a liqueur glass, sipped it thoughtfully.

Sir Richard Gaunt's handsome face told the story of his life. The flesh was white and unhealthy; the eyes dull and listless; the mouth cruel and sensual. He was only thirty-three years of age, but, though he was a man of sixty. Even Crawshay, who was so near to death, was a better specimen of a man to look at.

Bacon has said that a man who is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no time in doing evil, and he was old in many hours of vice. From the age of nineteen he had led the worst kind of life that a young man can find in a great city; and, even among a set of men who were excluded from every decent house in London, he had achieved a reputation for being the worst and wildest of them all. If only half the reports of his escapades were true, he was as evil-minded a scoundrel as had ever disgraced one of the historic names of England.

Crawshay had been acquainted with Gaunt for little over a year, and though he was disgusted with the brutal depravity of the man he was boldly interested in him, much in the same way as a student of criminology might be interested in a murderer. Gaunt, moreover, could be a very pleasant companion when he chose to exert himself. Crawshay was pleased to see him on this particular evening. For a reckless man, who intended to spend an evening of wild pleasure, there was no more fitting company than Sir Richard Gaunt.

The visitor did not speak till he had finished the glass of brandy-and-soda. Then some light of intelligence came into his dull eyes, and his face, which at first might have been carved out of white putty, showed some signs of animation.

"We'll have a tremendous spree to-night, Crawshay," he said with a chuckle. "Cynthia's promised to give us that new Moorish dance. And it is a dance, I can tell you. It was a bit too thick for the Folies Bergères, so I'm told."

"That's good," replied Crawshay abstractedly. "Not quite the thing to-night, are you?" asked Gaunt.

"Not quite."

"Old trouble, eh? Well, I expect you're fretting too much. Sir William Dale will knock all that nonsense out of your head. When do you see him?"

"I saw him about an hour ago."

"Oh," said Gaunt, with a look of pity. Then he was silent, and for a few moments both men stared into the fire.

"Bad news, eh?" he asked, after a pause. "That depends on how you look at it, Gaunt. There's no more uncertainty, anyway. He's given me two months."

"Phew!" said Gaunt. He did not know what to say. So far as his selfish mind and callous nature could form an attachment for anyone, he was attached to this thin, cynical invalid. But his mind could not grasp the thought of death, and he was unable to frame any words of sympathy.

"For some things I'm glad," said Crawshay. "In fact, there is only one thing that worries me."

"He looked steadily at Gaunt's evil face, and as he did so a strange and wild idea came into his mind. This man was hard pressed for money. He wondered if—oh, no, it was impossible! But still—

"What about the £500 you owe me, Gaunt?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, that'll be all right," Gaunt replied with an uneasy laugh. "It's not that which is worrying you, old chap, is it?"

"No, it's not that," Crawshay replied; "but look here, Gaunt, you're hard up, I suppose, as usual."

"Shockingly hard up."

"I thought so. My executors may press you for that money. You gave me a bill, eh?"

"Oh, yes, I think so."

"The bill is due. And, of course, you can't pay the money."

"Not just at once, Crawshay. But my rents are coming in next month."

"Rents?" said Crawshay with a laugh. "Oh, yes, of course. But I fancy Cynthia is rather an expense, eh?"

Sir Richard Gaunt scowled. A sharp reply was on the tip of his tongue, but he restrained himself. "You spend a lot of money on yourself," continued Crawshay remorselessly; "your estates are mortgaged up to the hilt. You owe—"

"Look here," cried Gaunt fiercely, "you've said enough, Crawshay. I won't stand it. All this is none of your business."

"On the contrary," Crawshay replied, "it is my business. You owe me money."

"Oh, bother you and your £500," cried Gaunt.

"What's the use of money to you now?"

"Thank you," said Crawshay coolly. "I am obliged to you for reminding me."

"I'm sorry," said Gaunt in a sullen voice. "But you drove me to it. You shall have your money to-morrow. I'll get it from old Josephs at 60 per cent. Then perhaps you will let me spend my money as I please."

Crawshay lit a cigarette and looked steadily at the white puffy face:

"Another drink?" he asked quietly. Gaunt held out his glass and his host mixed a strong brandy and soda.

"It's like this," said Crawshay, who had not reminded his seat, but took his stand with his back to the fireplace. "I'm a very rich man, Gaunt, and I've thought of leaving you some money in my will. But in return you'll have to do something for me, and something unpleasant for a nice gentle fellow like yourself."

"What is it?" asked Gaunt, "I'll do a lot for money in these days."

"For ten years," said Crawshay, "I've been looking for a man, and now I've got to give up the search. I'll leave you £30,000 in my will, if you'll complete the job."

"Pew!" said Gaunt. "Thirty thousand pounds!"

"Yes; and another five thousand for expenses connected with the search."

"You make my mouth water. Well, what's the job, Crawshay?"

"Ten years ago," said Crawshay, slowly, "a man induced my sister to leave her home. He did not marry her. We know that much. I have been looking for the man."

"The blackguard!" cried Gaunt, with genuine feeling.

"Yes," said Crawshay, "he was a blackguard; just such another as you and I, Gaunt."

"It's entirely different," Gaunt replied, savagely. "We have to protect girls of our own class. Neither you nor I would attempt to harm them."

"No; they are too well guarded."

"Bab!" It is not that, Crawshay. You know well enough what I mean. The others are fair sport."

"Yes; perhaps that is so. Though I often wonder if virtue is not as valuable to a shop girl as to a duchess. One might even assume that it is more valuable to a poor girl, as it is often the only thing of value she has in the world."

"Rats!" said Gaunt with a laugh. "It's entirely different, and you know that well enough."

Crawshay picked up his liqueur glass and drained it to the last drop. Then he reseated himself in his chair and lit another cigarette. His thin, white face was hard and stern, and his lips were pressed tightly together.

"I'll tell you something about it," he said, after a long pause, "as much about it as I wish you to know at present. In the first place, you will be interested to learn that my sister was one of that class which you—not without reason—regard as 'fair sport.' She was, in short, a shopgirl."

"Your sister? A shopgirl?" exclaimed Gaunt.

"Precisely. She was a shopgirl. I am not a gentleman by birth. Doubtless you have noticed it in my manners."

"Yes, they give you away, if you'll pardon me suggesting such a thing. They are too correct. You are too courteous, too gentle, too well-bred, if I may say so."

"I understand," Crawshay replied with a grim smile. "Well, to be correct, Gaunt, I was a counter-jumper little more than fifteen years ago. It was probably in the shop that I learnt my manners. We were always very polite, and I acquired a bow that would not have disgraced an Oriental."

"Well, I'm blown," said Gaunt.

"I got sick of the shop," continued Crawshay, "and went out to Australia. I left behind me a sister who was ten years younger than myself, and my mother, who was a widow. They were both earning money. My mother did a little dressmaking, and my sister was, as I said, a shopgirl. I had ambitions. I wanted to see them both rich. I wanted to make money, to find gold."

"And you found it?" queried Gaunt.

"Yes, I found it—after five years. And a week afterwards I received a letter from my mother saying that my sister had disappeared. I sold my bit of ground for a lot of money, and returned to England to find her. When I arrived I learnt that my mother had died two days previously."

"He paused and covered his face with his hands.

"Poor old chap!" muttered Gaunt.

"She died of a broken heart," continued Crawshay—"of shame. They found a letter in her stiff fingers—a letter from my sister, saying that she was neither wife nor maid, that she was to be forgotten, that she was to be looked upon as dead. I have the letter in my pocket now. It has been there for ten years. It never leaves me."

"The brute! The blackguard!" exclaimed Gaunt.

"Just such another as you or I, Gaunt. Only we do not see this side of the business. We are in the sunshine and the laughter; and the voice of passion drowns all the cries of pain. But I swore

## By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

Author of "Dacobra," "Love, the Criminal,"  
"Dr. Silex," "Love at a Price," etc., etc.

to find this man and kill him, and now—well, I have perhaps two months to live."

"And you wish me to continue the search," said Gaunt.

"No," replied Crawshay, "that would be absurd. Of course, I could not expect you to commit a murder. But I should require you to hunt him down, and wreck his happiness by every means in your power. Doubtless he is married, and the respected father of a family. It will be your duty to expose his past life and show the man as he really is. You must try to ruin him morally and financially. You must never leave him till he has taken his own life in order to escape from your persecution."

"And in return for this I get £30,000?"

"Yes, and £5,000 for expenses."

"May I ask how you intend to leave the rest of your money?"

"I suppose you mean to ask, why I should not leave it all to you. Well, there is no reason why I shouldn't tell you. I intend to leave the rest of my money to my sister, if she can be found. If she cannot be found within five years of the date of my death, it is to be devoted to a scheme for the rescue of fallen women. I hope to make amends for some of the evil that men like you and I have wrought in the world."

Gaunt laughed derisively, and then was silent. He was apparently debating in his mind whether to accept the offer or leave it. His face looked cruel and sensual in the firelight. Perhaps he was thinking of all the pleasures that £30,000 could buy for him.

"Well?" said Crawshay, after a long pause.

"Why have you honoured me with this proposal?" asked Gaunt. "Why have you picked me out for the business?"

"For several reasons. Because you are an utterly unscrupulous man; because it will do you no harm to have a definite purpose in life; because it is good policy to set a thief to catch a thief."

Gaunt rose to his feet, and his eyes blazed with anger.

"I'll have nothing to do with it," he exclaimed savagely. "The whole thing is monstrous and ridiculous. One might as well be dead as spend one's life in a job of this sort."

"Yet £30,000 is a good bit of money."

"£30,000 would be too little. Besides, I'm not such a mean skunk as you think. This man has never done me any harm. If you want to ruin or kill him, well and good. That's right enough. But why should I, a complete stranger, worry the poor brute to death? Probably he's repented long ago. If I were your place I should do just the same, but to do it for money is different. I should be a hired cut-throat, and I'm not such a low beast as you think," Crawshay said.

"All right, my dear fellow," said Crawshay quietly, "there is no need to lose your temper. Let us consider the matter closed. Of course, what I have told you is confidential."

"Of course," burst out Gaunt angrily, "pon my word, Crawshay, you seem to think—"

"Fill up your glass," interrupted Crawshay, "and then we ought to be off, if this dinner is at eight o'clock."

He rang the bell and told the servant to call a cab. He was annoyed with both Gaunt and himself. He had failed to carry out an idea which had only occurred to him on the spur of the moment, and he could not understand why he had failed. Doubtless he had handled the matter rather clumsily.

\*\*\*\*\*  
CHAPTER The  
III. Feast  
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"Bravo, Cynthia!" yelled Sir Richard Gaunt. "Bravo! Bravo!"

"Rippin'!" shouted Crawshay, his white face flushed with excitement. "Encore, Cynthia, give it us again."

"Encore," mumbled young Lord Carfax, thickly. "Beashly clever! You little darling."

"Shut up!" said Gaunt, angrily, "and don't talk to Miss Paradise like that. You're drunk."

Lord Carfax tried to rise to his feet, but the effort was too much for him, and he collapsed in the arm-chair.

"Beashly drunk, yourself, Dick," he muttered.

"Please dance again," said Crawshay, with an eager look in his eyes.

Cynthia Paradise faced the three men and bowed. She was a girl of superb and dazzling beauty. Her dark hair, her lustrous black eyes, and her lithe and supple form proclaimed her a daughter of the South. She was, as a matter of fact, the child of a Spanish Jew, and a slave girl from Morocco. She had just finished a dance that is more often seen on the Continent than in London. Her cheeks were flushed with exertion, and her eyes sparkled. She was dressed in a gown that had cost Sir Richard eighty guineas, and the diamonds on her corsage represented the rental of half a dozen farms in the Welsh hills.

"Give us another, Cynthia," cried Sir Richard, as, rising to his feet, he walked unsteadily across the room to the table, and poured out a glass of champagne. "Just one more, Thea."

"Give me a drink," she said imperiously. "I'm done up. You men don't know what a dancer puts into that sort of work. I'd like to see Lord Carfax do it for thirty seconds."

"Beashly clever," muttered Carfax, who was big and fat and indolent. "Pon my word, Thea—"

"Miss Paradise, if you please," said Gaunt, bridling at the sound of the pet name he had given the girl in the early days of their intimacy.

"Shall call her Thea," retorted Lord Carfax.

"If you do," cried the young baronet, "I'll screw your head off, fat and big though you are, Carfax."

George Crawshay, who was comparatively sober, rose to his feet and laid his hand on Gaunt's arm.

"Don't be an ass, Dick," he said sternly. "Can't you see he's drunk. Miss Paradise is waiting for her wine."

Sir Richard Gaunt scowled at the placid form of Lord Carfax, and then poured out another glass of wine, which he carried across to Cynthia Paradise. She drained the glass to the last drop, and then placed her lips close to his ear.

"Don't be cross," she whispered, "and don't have any more to drink, that's a dear."

He seized her hand and kissed it, and then led her to a seat.

"Please give us another dance, Miss Paradise," said Crawshay.

"I don't think so," she replied with a laugh. "One must consider the people in the flat underneath."

"Bother the people underneath," said Lord Carfax.

"They're harmless enough, Lord Carfax," said Cynthia. "Just an old man and his wife. They're often complaining about the noise up here. I expect they'll send a note up presently. Give me a cigarette, Dick."

Sir Richard Gaunt held out a gold case, and for one brief moment his mind reverted to his home on the wild coast of Wales. His mother had given him that cigarette-case on his twenty-first birthday. Then he glanced at the room, thick with tobacco smoke, at the table covered with decanters, glasses, and dessert, at the hot, passionate face of Cynthia Paradise, at the flushed features of Lord Carfax. The sea was as far distant from all this as the North Pole from the Equator.

"We want some fresh air in the room," he said huskily. "It's stifling."

"Cynthia must sing," said Carfax, "or she must dance."

"Shut up!" said Gaunt angrily, as he stumbled over to the window and flung it open.

"Then must sing," reiterated Carfax. "I shay she must sing—no, she must dance."

He leaped heavily to his feet as the fresh cold air revived him a little from his drunken stupor, and held on to the back of his chair.

"Little darling," he said with a drunken leer, "Let Thea sing if I give her a kiss, eh?" and he blundered across to her side. Crawshay rose and caught him by the arm. But Lord Carfax was a big man, and although he was drunk the friendly hand of the invalid was not strong enough to force him back into his chair.

"Sit down, you drunken beast," yelled Gaunt, stumbling forward with clenched fists and his white face convulsed with fury. "Sit down, or get out of the place altogether."

Cynthia laid a restraining hand on his arm, and he paused, quivering with drunken rage. He had less to drink than Lord Carfax, and his speech was clear enough, but his brain was inflamed with alcohol, and he had lost all control of his reason.

"Dick, Dick," cried the girl, as she looked up piteously into his face.

"Get out, Carfax," cried Gaunt fiercely, "or I'll chuck you out."

"You chuck me out," said Lord Carfax. "I'd like to see you. Come, Thea, darling, just one kiss like you gave me last night; don't mind that it us again."

Gaunt gave a cry of rage, tore his arm from Cynthia's grasp, and rushed at Carfax.

Then what happened was so swift and terrible that no one had time to interfere. Carfax, who was a young man of great strength, flung Crawshay to the ground with one movement of his arm, and, clutching Gaunt round the waist, bore him backwards on to the table. There was a clatter of knives and crockery, and a scream from Cynthia, and the next moment the great fat hands of Carfax were at Gaunt's throat. But they were only there for three seconds. Gaunt's hand closed on an overturned bottle, there was a horrible crash, a tinkle of broken glass, and Lord Carfax staggered back with the blood pouring from his forehead. Then he fell heavily backwards on to the fender, and there was silence.

Cynthia lay motionless on the table for a few moments. She and Cynthia and Crawshay rushed to the side of the fallen man. Then he rolled over in his face, and lifted himself to his feet. The neck of the bottle was still in his hand.

"You've killed him," said Crawshay, quietly.

(To be continued.)

(For conclusion of our serial, "The Woman Tempted Me," see page 15.)

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besides exerting a wonderfully sooth-ing effect upon the organs of the chest, nourishes the entire system, strengthens the bones, and covers them with solid, healthy flesh. Pure medicinal cod liver oil blended with the valuable

hypophosphites of lime and soda and perfectly adapted to the delicate palate and stomach of little babies by the original, unique SCOTT process. Scott's is the only emulsion of cod liver oil which has a record for doing good to babies.

Croydon Villa, Canada Road, Bognor  
March 7th, 1905.

"My little girl aged 5 years had a very bad attack of whooping cough which left her exceedingly weak. She went to a mere skeleton. SCOTT'S EMULSION has made her quite strong and well." (Mrs.) John Roe.

See for yourself how the little one takes and digests Scott's, by sending at once for a free sample bottle and "The Good-Time Garden" (a charming child's picture-book beautifully illustrated, in colour), enclosing 4d. for postage and mentioning this paper. SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

**A SPECIAL 28 DAY INAUGURATION  
SALE** And 75 per cent. Reduction Offer.  
IMPORTANT NEW YEAR'S ANNOUNCEMENT TO LADIES.  
**STERLING BROTHERS**

(wholesale and retail) and for the future will supply the public DIRECT. RESULT! Enormous Saving to Lady Readers of this paper in all kinds of Dress Materials, Costumes, Blouses, Underclothing, Household Linen, etc.

**100,000 15/- COSTUME SKIRTS FOR 5/- EACH.**

**100,000 STYLISH 10/6 BLOUSES AT 2/11 EACH.**  
A GRAND OPPORTUNITY WHICH MAY NEVER OCCUR AGAIN

Read the descriptions at side of Skirt and foot of Blouse carefully, and then go at once for Postal or Money Order, and despatch with coupon.

#### Conditions of Sale.

These two astounding bargains are offered to readers of the "DAILY MIRROR" so as to the purpose of obtaining 100,000 lady customers who will deal permanently with us. This is bound to be the case as we are determined to give thorough and entire satisfaction. We however impose the following conditions:—

1st.—That if good, do not give entire satisfaction or if there is the slightest reason to believe that they are not more than value for money the customer will return same to us on our expense and we will replace or refund money.

2nd.—That orders are sent and received by us within 28 days from the appearance of this preliminary announcement.

3rd.—That purchasers are not dealers and in order to protect the public and ourselves not more than 4 Skirts and 4 Blouses must be ordered at one time, unless it specifically states that the goods are for relatives or friends.

4th.—That Special Order Form at foot of this advertisement is used.

5th.—That purchasers will mention our name to their friends.



#### 28 Day Special Reduction Coupon.

To **STERLING BROTHERS**, 15, Major Street, MANCHESTER.

I enclose P.O. value ..... for Skirt and Blouse as per illustrations and descriptions.  
My measurements are as follows for Skirt:—  
Length ..... Name .....  
Width ..... Full Postal Address .....

Date ..... If Skirt only or Blouse only is required, state so.

**THIS OFFER IS ONLY OPEN FOR 28 DAYS FROM DATE**

and after that period prices will be advanced, as of course we could not possibly continue to make the enormous sacrifice involved by this offer.

**SEND TO-DAY! SEND RIGHT NOW!**

Every purchaser will receive, free of charge, our grand "Galaxy" Sales Book of bargains, which will once and for all convince the sceptical that enormous revenues can be made by our advertising. Remember our trading mark—**STERLING BROS. FOR STERLING VALUE.**

**STERLING BROS., 15, Major Street, MANCHESTER.**



#### DESCRIPTION.

Well worth 10/- this pretty blouse made of rich lace-cotton Satin, trimmed with platten lace insertion and three tucks with broad folded insertion.

**Price - - - 2/11.**

## "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

### THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

#### CARE OF THE HAIR AND ITS BEAUTIFICATION.

"One of my friends has written to ask me what she can do for the falling of her hair caused through a long illness," said Belinda one afternoon. "She used to have such pretty brown hair with ruddy gleams in it, but now she says all the colour and lustre have gone from it, and she is in despair."

"It is a pity her hair has been so neglected during her illness," replied Mrs. Templar, "and I am tempted to blame the nurse for not attending to it. However, it is no use crying over spilt milk, but she will find it will take some time before her pretty tresses regain their pristine lustre and gloss."

"What must she apply to it?" asked Belinda.

"She should ask her doctor to give a tonic," said her hostess. "I find that quinine and iron often helps to stimulate the growth of the hair or a preparation of iron alone. However, each individual may require a different tonic, so that I cannot give a prescription that may suit everyone."

#### Massage of the Scalp.

"What lotion may she use?" inquired Belinda.

"Fine and forcible, friction and massage of the scalp are absolutely essential to the well-being of the hair," replied Mrs. Templar. "Friction, indeed, is the secret of the success of any lotion. Five minutes' brisk rubbing of the scalp with the tips of the fingers will effect more wonders in stimulating the growth of the hair than the application of any lotion merely brushed on the tresses, and I have seen hair attain a wonderful lustre and fresh growth simply because this practice of massage was kept up night and morning."

"I should think it is an excellent thing for headaches," murmured Belinda.

"So it is," said Mrs. Templar; "and I may say that the best lotion in the world is quite useless unless massage is applied at the same time. I should also recommend your friend to try a course of electric hair-brushing, as this is most beneficial for the hair, and helps to bring back colour and life to it when it is impoverished and faded from illness."

"And is a lotion of no benefit at all?" demanded Belinda.

"Yes," was the reply, "there are many lotions that are admirable, and some of the simplest are



Tuesday and Thursday matinees of that perfect comedy, "As You Like It," began their course yesterday at the St. James's Theatre. The picture shown above depicts Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Rosalind, in doublet and hose, and Miss Lettie Falstaff, a very winsome Celia, in a blue and white costume—both sketched from life by "Olga."

## FACTS ABOUT YOUR SKIN

Of great interest to all our readers who value a healthy and beautiful skin.

Glance at the looking-glass, and you will notice that the pores on your nose are larger than those on any other part of your face. Being larger they clog easier, and you are thus able to see what is taking place all over the face and body; for it must be remembered that what you see on your nose is going on in every part of the body where you cannot see it. The pores are always getting stopped up, impurities form, the skin becomes unhealthy, is often rendered unsightly, and great discomfort may be caused. Is this so in your case?

If your skin is red or rough, has any blemish upon it, or if you suffer from any skin trouble in any part of the body, you want something that will give immediate relief, and make your skin clear, pure, and healthy once again. "Antexema" is a scientific remedy, being the discovery of a well-known doctor. It stops irritation immediately, removes all skin blemishes, and is a sure cure for skin complaints of every kind.

#### Something to Remember.

The one point you should remember above all others is that if not all of the most severe forms of skin trouble might have been avoided with but a small amount of trouble if they had been tackled when they first showed themselves. Everyone knows the danger of a neglected cold, and the danger of a neglected skin trouble is as great. Is it not foolish, therefore, to neglect the first signs of trouble, and so risk real misery, and even unhappiness, in the future?

#### What the Skin Is.

We all breathe with our skin as well as with our lungs, and it is therefore most important that every pore should be kept open. That is why "Antexema Soap" should always be used for washing.

It not only cleanses the surface of the skin, but also cleanses the pores and keeps them free, open, and able to do their work well. In addition to being a breath of oxygen, the skin is also a screen for most of the beautiful projecting blanket which covers the whole of the body, and is known as the scarf or outer skin. The surface of the skin is covered with millions of tiny pores, and most of these carry away, by means of the perspiration, the watery waste of the system, and the others secrete the natural oil of the skin, which makes it soft, smooth, and elastic.

#### How Skin Troubles Arise.

No single explanation will cover all varieties of skin ailments. Some are due to constitutional

causes; there may be an excess or a deficiency of oil secreted by the oil-glands, of which the pores are the openings, or the blood may be impure, the skin may have been attacked by microbes or microscopic fungi, or it may have been affected in many other ways. Many skin troubles arise from people using unsuitable soap which fails to thoroughly cleanse the pores as well as take the dirt off the surface. Then, again, many persons, especially children, suffer severely as a result of their under-clothing having been washed with an excess of soda, which has not afterwards been properly removed from the fabric. Obviously, if the skin is



Before Using "Antexema."

tender and sensitive, irritation and soreness will be caused by this.

#### Fact About "Antexema."

"Antexema" cleanses the pores, soothes and softens the skin, and pinches, roughness, blemishes, chafing, and all skin troubles disappear under its magical influence. "Antexema" is an unrivalled cure for eczema, psoriasis, and nettle rash; but it is just as useful for burns, bruises, blisters, insect bites, chaps, chilblains, and skin irritation; and gentlemen whose skin is tender find it the very thing to use after shaving. It is not an ointment, but forms an invisible healing, soothng, non-poisonous, protective coating over the tender surface, and a new skin is thus able to grow beneath it.

"Antexema" is the most wonderful skin help

and cleanser that medical science has produced. For every purpose for which cold-creams and similar preparations are used, "Antexema" is far more valuable, because not only does it cool and soothe, but it heals in a most wonderful way.

We have now given, in brief outline, the principal facts in regard to "Antexema," and you will admit that what we have said is reasonable; but somehow or another you cannot, perhaps, bring yourself to believe in or to test this wonderful cure for all skin troubles. You still hang back from trying "Antexema," and we think we know the reason. You have already probably tried other so-called remedies, and have been badly disappointed by finding them utter failures, and are, therefore, afraid "Antexema" will prove the same. If this has been your experience we quite understand your hesitation, but do not let your prejudice keep you from obtaining relief. Many others have suffered as you are suffering, and have felt just as you feel at the impossibility of gaining relief, but they practically tested the truth of our statements, and the result was so convincing that they have written glowing letters of grateful thanks for what "Antexema" has done for them. We have thousands of such letters, and they may be seen at our offices.

#### A Wonderful Little Book.

Thousands of people during the last few months have availed themselves of our offer to send a copy of our booklet on "Skin Troubles," and we are glad to know that it has proved wonderfully useful. Really, there ought not to be a home without a copy of this family handbook, because it is crammed with information that cannot fail to interest everyone who possesses it. Skin troubles are so common, the discomfort they cause is so great, and the disfigurement due to them in many instances so marked, that a little book containing the essence of modern scientific knowledge in regard to the cause, cure, and prevention of all forms of skin illness cannot fail to be appreciated. That is why you should read the offer at foot and procure a copy.

#### What the Little Book Contains.

The great virtue of the handbook on "Skin Troubles" is not its size. It is small and light, and will go into your pocket, but it contains more genuine and valuable information than many books twenty times its size. Let us mention the headings of some of the paragraphs: Care of the Skin. What the Skin Is, What a Skin Trouble Is, The Antexema Skin Remedies, Skin Troubles Caused by Excessive Oily Secretion, by Deficient Oily Secretion, by Excessive Formation of Scarf-Skin, by Temporary Loss of Scarf-Skin, by Unhealthy Scarf-Skin, by Acid Perspiration, by Impure Blood, and Those Caused by Insects and Vegetable Moulds. Some of the skin troubles referred

to the best. For instance, one of my friends finds that castor oil diluted with a little eau de Cologne is a most admirable tonic for the hair, and gives a wonderful brilliancy to the locks.

"Another friend declares that paraffin diluted with lavender-water in the proportion of two table-spoonsful of the oil to one tea-spoonful of the perfume is excellent. Her hair is certainly very luxuriant, and she avows that the paraffin acts as a cleansing agent and keeps the scalp beautifully white. I have another friend who says that after a long illness she simply used carbolic oil, which had a most stimulating effect on her hair. She employs nothing else, and avers that the carbolic acts as a disinfectant and cleaner, while the oil supplies a nourishing and nourishment.

"Still another friend pins her faith entirely to coconut oil. This is admirable for dry hair, and gives it a pleasing gloss. For those whose hair is growing grey, coconut oil may help to preserve the natural colour, and I must admit that it tends to darken light hair, and should only be used by brunettes."

"I notice that these are all 'oils,'" remarked Belinda. "Could you give me a prescription for a quinine lotion?"

"A good one for the falling out of the hair is composed of one drachm of sulphate of quinine, eight ounces of rosewater, two ounces of rectified spirits, and fifteen drops of diluted sulphuric acid. The way to use this is to moisten the scalp with the tonic. Take the tips of the fingers, begin at the back of the ears, and with a rotary motion work up to the top of the head. When massaging any part of the head always begin at the hair-line."

(To be continued.)

## HANDSOME BUCKLES.

Very handsome is a narrow diamond buckle about three inches and a half in length, which shows the fleur-de-lis pattern with interlacing curves between, forming with those connecting lines in diamond work a very elegant ornament.

A colour scheme is carried out in light sapphires in a charming ring, in which a yellow, a pink, a green, and a blue stone are employed with diamonds. Another fine ring displays a green and a blue sapphire with a diamond on either side.

"IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND" anything, no matter how badly smashed, if you use Seccotine. It sticks everything. 6d. tubes on sale everywhere—Props., McCaw, Stevenson, and Orr, Ltd., Belfast and Shoe-lane, London. (Advt.)

to are: Acne, Babies' Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Baldness, Barber's Itch, Blackheads, Boils, Blotches, Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Corns and Bunions, Dandruff, Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable, Easily-Chapped Skin; Skin Troubles affecting the Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands, and Scalp; Eczema (chronic and acute), Eczema of the Legs, Erysipelas, Erythema, Facial Blemishes, Flushings, Freckles, Gouty or Rheumatic Eczema, Insect Bites, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Lpus, Nettlerash, Piles, Pimples, Pudgy Head, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Scabies, Scalp Head, Scrofula, Seborrœa, Shingles, Ulcers, Warts and Wrinkles. General Hints on Diet are given, and a full list of the Antexema preparations, so that the booklet may well be described as affording "infinite riches in a little room." This booklet should



After Using "Antexema."

be in every household, as it is a most convenient little book of reference, and it shows in clear, plain, and simple language how to cure all skin troubles and prevent their return.

#### A Sir Gifford Offer.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or may be obtained direct post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d. Our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," will be forwarded post free to our readers, together with free trial of "Antexema," if the *Daily Mirror* is mentioned, and three penny stamps are enclosed for postage and packing. Address your letter to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W., and write at once.



# 'The Woman Tempted Me.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

## CHAPTER LII.

Four years had passed since Richard Balshaw disappeared in the gloom of a London fog and Roland Carsaris emerged and passed into a police station, delivering himself up to the authorities, after having broken the rules endorsing his ticket-of-leave licence by failing to report himself.

Clare Mainwaring, in the drawing-room of the house in Carlyon-terrace, was reading a letter. She was dressed in black. Six months had passed since Lady Mainwaring had been laid in her last earthly resting-place.

It was a long letter, and she turned back the pages, reading it through again. There was joy in her eyes, on the proud, beautiful features.

"It is still hard, uphill work," ran a portion of the letter, "but we have turned the corner. I wonder if you would recognise Pym. Life in the open and the saddle has made a new man of him; but it has not dulled his fine poetic fancy. There is a more robust and harder ring about his verse. The land granted us by the Australian Government has grown amazingly. We both of us really know something about sheep now."

Then the tone of the letter changed. Clare seemed to hear the man speaking. The blood rose to her cheeks, and her pulses throbbed as wildly as on that night in the four-wheeled cab when words of love and devotion poured from his lips.

He had fought his fight, and climbed his hill. Henceforth he would not fight alone.

She pressed the letter to her lips. She would go to him now, and join him in his new life in a new world. To some women it would have been impossible; but the conventions and the restrictions of the small world in which Clare's life had been passed were as nothing to her. For her, life on a lonely Australian ranch would be neither dull nor monotonous. Love knows neither dullness nor monotony.

A cablegram winged the news of her coming to the man who once was Richard Balshaw.

It was not long after its dispatch that Clare drove to Mrs. Wilbraham's house in Park-lane. A great friendship had grown up between the two women.

As Clare stepped from the cab she noticed that the blinds of the great mansion were drawn. She started, and her face went white.

The manservant who opened the door broke the news to her. He spoke in a whisper and unsteadily. Terribly sudden! It was the maid who had discovered that her mistress was in a sleep that knows no waking. She told the doctor in an affrighted whisper of the sleeping-draught that her mistress had taken. The woman, who had played such a strange part in Richard Balshaw's brief life, had suffered much from sleeplessness since she had wished him goodbye in the house in Aubrey-street.

They took Clare to the death chamber, where she wept and knelt in prayer beside the beautiful body of the woman who had come to her, more than four years ago, and pleaded with her to forgive, and perhaps helped her the better to understand, Richard Balshaw, while she still groped in darkness and her soul was stunned by her revelation.

Clare wept bitterly and prayed.

\* \* \* \* \*

They were alone, Clare and the man who was once Balshaw. They had ridden thirty miles from the nearest township, where John Pym had witnessed their marriage.

But John Pym, after stammering incoherently, had ridden away to his own little shack.

They were alone on the verandah of a single-storyed little house. Stars sprinkled the night sky. Now again the stillness was broken by the tinkling of a sheep-bell. All nature seemed in a silent armchair.

For a while they did not speak, their hearts too full for words.

He is Balshaw still to all outward appearances. There is more grey now among the crisp, virile hair; but there is the old determination and purposefulness about the poise of the head and the carriage of the loose, broad shoulders.

"What are your thoughts?" she whispers, breaking the stillness at last.

He holds her from him and looks at her, as if even now he can scarcely believe his senses.

She has come to him; she is his wife!

"What is my thought?" he answers. "That I am not deserving of this—that I am unworthy to wipe the dust from your shoes. And yet you have come to me—you are here—you are—you are my wife! What have I done to deserve this?"

He asks the question almost fiercely. It seems to him, perhaps, even now that he is guilty of a colossal piece of selfishness. But the unrest, roused by the thought, is quelled by the great love that shines proudly from her glorious eyes.

"You have played the man," she whispers.

"I am so proud of you!"

Then he holds her in his arms.

THE END.

## DENTISTRY.

**FREE** Teeth. The Free Teeth Society has been formed to supply teeth free to the deserving poor, and to assist those of limited means to obtain them by small weekly payments. Apply to the Secretary, Free Teeth Society, Box 843, Smith's Advertising Agency, 100, Fleet-st, London, E.C.

**TEETH**—A complete set, £1; single teeth, 2s. 6d; each set complete in four teeth if required; American Crown and Bridge work, £2 10s; palates, with gas, 2s. 6d. The Society's Teeth Association, 138, Strand, London, W.C.

# LINEEL The 5-Minutes Pain Cure LINIMENT

Is a solution of inorganic salts, which Professor Loeb discovered acts electrically on the tissues of the body.

## IT INvariably CURES IN A FEW MINUTES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Faceache, Toothache, Earache, Sprains, Bruises, Cramp, Piles, Deafness, Stiffness, Chilblains, Sore Gums, in a few applications to throat and chest, Cuts, Sores, will take away pain and heal the wounds. Skin Eruptions and Inflammation yield to similar treatment.

Dr. Gordon-Stables writes: "It should be in every household."

These by no means exhaust the curative effects of this valuable discovery. Instructions accompany each bottle. 1/2 and 2/6 a bottle. Try it, and if not effective we will return your money. 16, Bevis Marks, London.

## MY TRUE HAIR GROWER

SELLS BY THE HONEST RECOMMENDATIONS OF MY THOUSANDS OF GOOD AND UNKNOWN FRIENDS

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



### I WAS BALD

hair washes and hair lotions which, though pleasant perhaps to use, are not as good as this.

This famous Formula is commanding for Hair Growing purposes only, as no other has been subordinated to that end. It is in pomade form, and the evidence of satisfied users pronounces it to be the most remarkable Hair Grower known.

A LARGE TRIAL BOX will be sent to any address, securely sealed in plain packages, on receipt of Six Stamps only.

### BEWARE OF FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS

**JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,**  
27M, CRAVEN HOUSE,  
Opposite British Museum, London.

6d  
LARGE  
TRIAL  
BOX

### WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS



Prevent worn-down heels and unshapely boots. Make one pair of boots wear as long as two. Reduce fatigue, give grace to the walk and make every step a pleasure.

Sold by every up-to-date boot and shoe dealer.

CAUTION.—See the name "WOOD-MILNE" on every pad.

Sole Manufacturers of the Wood-Milne Heels—REVOLVING HEEL Co., Preston.

### PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A. A. A.—How To Make Money with a Small Capital—Written for particular mention this paper, to Ives, Anderson, and Co., 51, Bishopsgate-st, Within, London, E.C.

ALL may increase their income £2 10s, every few days by £10 capital; other amounts proportionately.—W. Macfarlane, 11, Queen Victoria-st, London.

ANNUITANTS WHO ARE BENT UPON BORROWING on their incomes, or persons who are entitled to cash or property at death of relatives or others can have advances. Sum advanced £100, £150, £200, £250, £300, £350, £400, £450, £500, £550, £600, £650, £700, £750, £800, £850, £900, £950, £1,000, £1,050, £1,100, £1,150, £1,200, £1,250, £1,300, £1,350, £1,400, £1,450, £1,500, £1,550, £1,600, £1,650, £1,700, £1,750, £1,800, £1,850, £1,900, £1,950, £2,000, £2,050, £2,100, £2,150, £2,200, £2,250, £2,300, £2,350, £2,400, £2,450, £2,500, £2,550, £2,600, £2,650, £2,700, £2,750, £2,800, £2,850, £2,900, £2,950, £3,000, £3,050, £3,100, £3,150, £3,200, £3,250, £3,300, £3,350, £3,400, £3,450, £3,500, £3,550, £3,600, £3,650, £3,700, £3,750, £3,800, £3,850, £3,900, £3,950, £4,000, £4,050, £4,100, £4,150, £4,200, £4,250, £4,300, £4,350, £4,400, £4,450, £4,500, £4,550, £4,600, £4,650, £4,700, £4,750, £4,800, £4,850, £4,900, £4,950, £5,000, £5,050, £5,100, £5,150, £5,200, £5,250, £5,300, £5,350, £5,400, £5,450, £5,500, £5,550, £5,600, £5,650, £5,700, £5,750, £5,800, £5,850, £5,900, £5,950, £6,000, £6,050, £6,100, £6,150, £6,200, £6,250, £6,300, £6,350, £6,400, £6,450, 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